

CHATELAIN

JULY · 1939
TEN CENTS



Featuring Holiday Fiction By Noted Writers

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No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when Mum so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* party, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who laughed, and danced, and got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—seemed *near*—why couldn't it come to Jane?

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**takes the odor
out of perspiration**

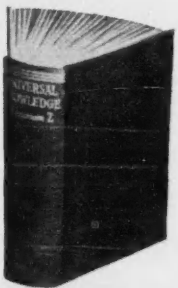
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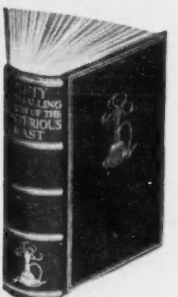
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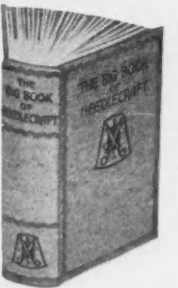
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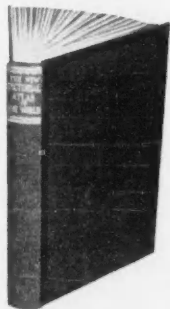
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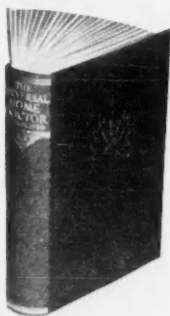
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Chatelaine for JULY



Mrs. Brokaw was surprised, more than surprised, she was shocked.

SIXTY-THREE . . . there should be sixty-four. Once more Helen Galer counted the socks and stockings she had just hung on the line.

"I suppose you can't wait till Saturday."

Sixty-three. The count was right. One of Jim's dark blues was missing. She turned to Mrs. Horwin, who was leaning on the west fence.

"We are excited." She spoke, however, in a flat unexcited voice, her mind full of where the dark blue sock had gone.

"Six weeks at the Lake!" Mrs. Horwin sighed, enviously. "Six weeks! I wish I could have one week. You go every summer, Mrs. Templeton tells me." The Horwins were new on Oak Avenue, the Templetons, to the east, had been neighbors of the Galers for many years.

"Yes, we go every summer." Helen went down the long row of heavy bath towels, shaking and stretching each one carefully because they didn't go through the mangle. They were folded when they were dry and put away.

"So marvellous for the children."

"Marvellous," Helen repeated. Twenty-six bath towels, ten more in the linen cabinets and six in the bathrooms. That was right.

"And Mr. Galer able to go with you, to stay all that time. Close his office for six weeks!" Mr. Horwin didn't have his own insurance company, as Mr. Galer had, and was entitled to only two weeks vacation a year.

"Yes, it is nice."

Helen picked up her big basket, gave a final look at her seven lines of laundry, one more than she usually had because she was washing things up for the trip, and started for the back door.

She would have liked to linger and become a little better acquainted with Mrs. Horwin, but she didn't

Wonderful for the CHILDREN

by EVE BURKHARDT

have time this morning. She was half an hour late with her laundry, and there was lunch to put on for Sue and David. Molly and Ken ate their lunches in the Garfield High School cafeteria.

She was tired, she always was after the washing, even with her fine machine that rinsed and spun her clothes partly dry. The advertisements and the salesmen said you were fresh and ready for anything after using their washer, but Helen knew that the salesmen had never put out a laundry for six people, four of them growing children. She never felt like running out to a luncheon as the women in the advertisements did, or sitting in on a bridge game after a Monday washing, nor after a Tuesday mangling, for that matter.

Still, when she thought of Monday at the Lake, the

six Mondays there would be, the six wash days, and the six Tuesdays which were ironing days, she realized that the advertisements and the salesmen were almost right. At the Lake, she had an old-fashioned hand machine, and the water pressure from the tank on the hill was none too good. Her three irons sat on top of the gasoline stove to heat, for there was no electricity in the cabin.

Here, she was through with her wash by noon, and her mangling the following noon. There, she—well, the washing was done Monday before dinner to be sure, but the ironing never seemed to be finished.

Wonderful for the children. Jim said it, Jim's sister said it, Jim's brother, the neighbors, everybody said it. Mrs. Horwin had just said it. She found herself echoing it from force of habit.



"I WAS A LEMON IN THE

Garden of Love ..."

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

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"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

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"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

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Vol. 12

CHATELAINE

No. 6

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about the close, sincere friendship between Josie and Sue, she gushed about Sue, she gushed about the beauty of Molly whom she had seen one day with Sue. She gushed about the joys of a family of four children when she only had one. She gushed about the invitation to the Lake, and then she got down to business. Helen didn't like to be cross-examined, neither did she like the shrewdness in the brown eyes when the questions began. About the sleeping accommodations at the cabin, for Josie was used to having her own room, and her mother wanted to make sure she would be comfortable. The meals, Josie ate hearty breakfasts, she always had a cooked cereal, she always had orange juice, too,

and hot chocolate. A hot lunch, and she was allergic to tomatoes and to eggs, but she liked them both and would eat them if she saw them served. The Brokaw never tempted her with them. Mrs. Brokaw asked Mrs. Galer to leave them out of the menus at the Lake cabin.

Josie was a bit lax about doing things, too, around the house. She had to be reminded to make her own bed and to hang up her clothes. Mrs. Brokaw wanted Mrs. Galer to feel that she could ask Josie to do these things—anything she wanted her to do.

"We'll telephone every other night to see how she is." "But we haven't a phone there."

Mrs. Brokaw was surprised, more than surprised, she was shocked. No telephone except in Martindale eight miles away? It must be rural.

Helen said nothing while her caller was deliberating, but she was hoping that Josie's mother would decide against the cabin for her only daughter. In the end, it was no use hoping, because Mrs. Brokaw couldn't bear to disappoint the child. Josie had never been disappointed. Sunday they would drive her to the cabin, and the following Sunday they would come and get her—that is, if Josie wanted to come home. Mrs. Brokaw had found with children that sometimes they weren't ready to come home. Mrs. Galer had probably had the same experience herself.

When she left, Helen was boiling. She didn't think she had ever been so angry before. She felt as if Mrs. Brokaw had handed her board and lodging money for Josie.

"I should be used to it," she fumed as she tore her clothes down from the line. They were too dry because Mrs. Brokaw had stayed too long. "After five summers at the Lake I should be used to anything."

After the laundry was dampened and the lunch dishes washed, and the house brushed up and the stew cooking on the stove for dinner, she sat down in the kitchen to make out her lists as she made them out each year. Six sheets of paper with a different name heading each sheet. Jim, Molly, Ken, Sue and David. She never made one for herself, because her own things she dumped into a suitcase at the last minute. The sixth sheet was the grocery list for the cabin. Ten regulars to feed three meals a day this summer. Last summer there had been eleven because Ted Templeton had come down with David.

Six of the Galer's, Doris Blair, Molly's guest; Billy Smith, Ken's guest; Mark Galer, Jim's brother's boy eighteen years old, and Josie.

Helen wrote the name, Josie heavily on the grocery list and circled it heavily, too. A black arrow stabbed through the circle. She knew that before two days had passed she'd be ready to wring Josie's neck.

Ten regulars—how many others there would be who would sit down at the Galer table for breakfast, lunch or dinner, or who would occupy the six extra cots on the sleeping porch during the summer, she didn't know. She never knew. The Templetons, of course. They would come every week-end. They had last summer and the summer before, elaborately prepared for camping in the woods, tent, stove and all. But nevertheless they would stay in the cabin, eat in the cabin and sleep on three of the cots on the sleeping porch. Ralph and Laura, Jim's brother and sister-in-law, parents of Mark. They wouldn't come prepared for camping, they would come prepared for the sleeping porch. Minna and Sam, Jim's sister and brother-in-law for week-ends, but they would sleep in their especially built car and only eat in the house. Minna would bring candy and popcorn for the children, and a bag of fruit for the table. Others would drop in with their picnic lunches, probably the Horwins this year because Jim and Mr. Horwin already had discussed fishing. The Severns from down the block, and cousins from Elstree. Jim's three salesmen and their families and friends.

The Graham boys from across the Lake. Molly and Doris had discovered them two summers ago. Nice boys. Helen liked their frank friendly attitude, and they were good clean boys for the girls, but they came in the morning, sailing over the Lake in the boat they had built themselves. They trooped into the cabin when Helen rang the bell

for meals, and they sailed across the Lake again at midnight for home.

The kitchen so small, and after meals the dishes so forbidding.

Helen looked at the electric dish washer which was part of her sink equipment. The cabin could stand one. The cabin could stand a good many things that her own comfortable home had. It was so easy here.

It wasn't that she didn't try to be efficient at the cabin. There was a work sheet posted in the kitchen, a duplicate in the dining room, with the duties of every member of the family and their guests. Visitors for the week-end liked to read the work sheets and comment on them. Sometimes they took the hint and helped around the cabin themselves. All of them, Helen was thankful, made up their own cots, but the righteous attitude they assumed afterward was exasperating.

"Well, my bed is made up."

A few of them even came in the kitchen after meals and helped with the dishes.

"Now, let me help, Helen. Where are the towels?" After they had helped, they felt virtuous and godly. Helen could almost see the halos over their heads.

Most of them, though, disappeared after meals. It was strange how quickly they could vanish, for a walk through the woods, for a row across the lake, for a sun bath on the beach, later a swim. But when Helen pulled the big bell on the front porch for another meal, they could reappear by magic.

"Not lunch already? Why, we've barely had breakfast!"

The bell would bring them all. Helen rang it fifteen minutes before a meal, so there would be time to change into dry clothes. She didn't like the children coming into the dining room in wet bathing suits.

Even if they barely had had breakfast, they could eat lunch, and they could eat dinner. How they could eat!

Let's go up to the Lake and see Jim and Helen this week-end . . . no drive at all, and they're always so glad for company. We'll take our own lunch so we won't be any bother . . .

But they wouldn't bring coffee and they wouldn't take cream or sugar or silver or dishes, and their hastily prepared sandwiches and potato salad never were adequate.

THE WORK sheets were typed carefully on Jim's old typewriter, with a double ribbon, black and red. Names in black, duties in red. Molly and Doris, clear the dishes, wash and dry; Sue, straighten up the rooms, check the beds, set the table. Ken, clean the outside shower, sweep the porches and steps; Billy, keep the back yard in order, empty the trash and garbage; Mark, mop the kitchen three times a week, drive into Martindale every morning for ice and groceries; David, keep the lamps filled, hang the wet bathing suits and towels on the line, pump up the pressure tank on the stove.

Jim had no duties, because it was his vacation. He left after breakfast every morning to fish with the father of the Graham boys—his boat crossed theirs on the way over, but his came back for lunch, and for dinner, too, and theirs stayed moored at the small Galer dock.

Well, the work sheets had been a mistake. Helen realized that several years ago, but she continued to make them out each summer anyway. It was so easy for Molly and Doris to rush out after breakfast when the Graham boys hove into sight, wave frantically from the front porch, rush down the steps calling back to Helen, "We'll be back in a minute!"

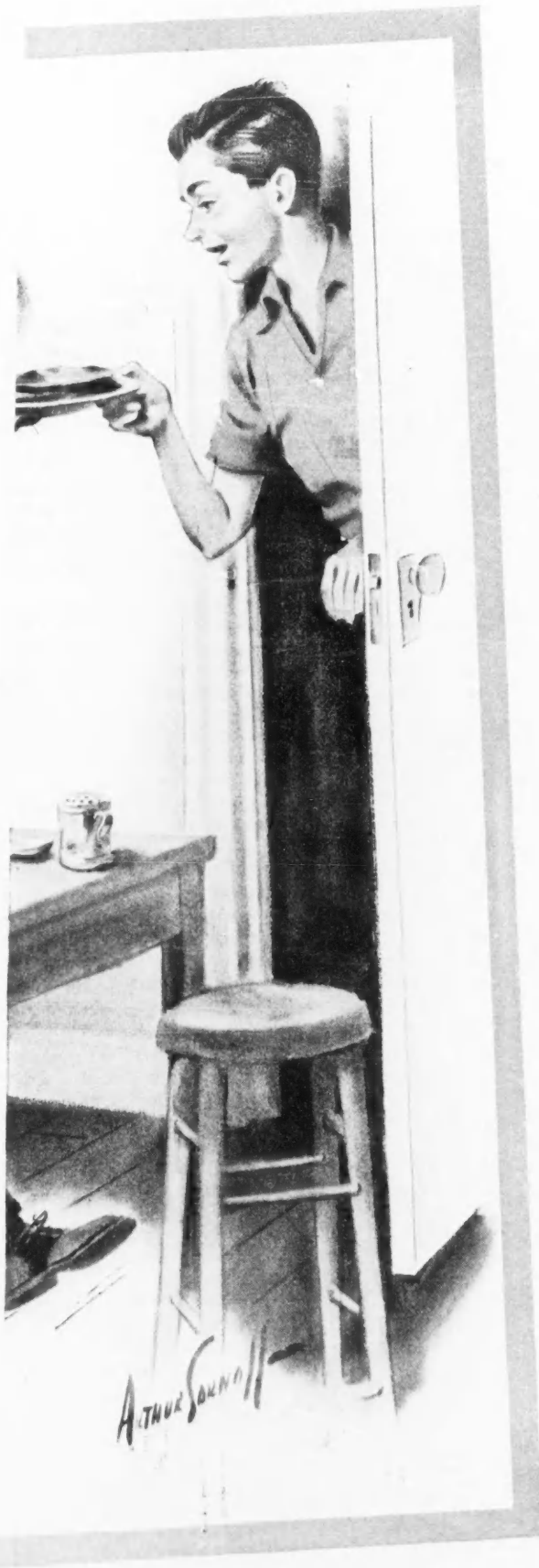
They never were back in a minute. They usually returned when Helen had done the dishes herself, for Sue and her guest would be gone, too, and couldn't be drafted into service.

As likely as not Mark would forget he was supposed to drive into town for the ice and groceries. He had to be prodded away from the beach and the boat he was building with Ken.

He had to be called and called, so sometimes there was no ice for several days until Jim discovered its absence and made an issue of it. Yet, in the evenings, Mark and Ken and Billy liked to go into Martindale. But the ice plant and the stores were closed at six.

"I will, mom, don't worry," Ken would say when she reminded him that the porches were thick with sand. "I'll get them swept—Mark and I are going to try and swim across the Lake first."

The constant, constant reminding. Molly, Doris, Sue, Ken, Billy, Mark, Continued on page 16



Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff

"Josie can come, mom!" Sue rushed in, breathless. She was fourteen and her long blond pigtailed were exactly as Helen's had been when she was a child. Also her eyes were the same blue, but they weren't faded with the years. They were bright blue, and the brows above them were darker than her hair, curved strongly like Jim's. But all the rest of her was Helen, the neat soft chin, and the neat soft lips, and the straight fine teeth.

"Her mother said she could come. They're bringing her Sunday. Oh, mom!"

"But I've never met Josie's mother, Sue—"

"She's coming to see you this afternoon. Good soup, mom."

David slid into his place at the table. He always was a little late.

"George can't come, mom. He's got to go with his folks. They won't let him off. And we were going to build that tree house—we had it all planned, and a scale model made." He put his spoon slowly into his soup, but he found after the first few mouthfuls that he wasn't hungry. He was the last of the brood, twelve! Helen still thought of him as her baby.

"Josie and I will help you with the tree house," Sue offered, very importantly. "We'll make a really good job of it."

"No, thanks." David's manners even amazed his

mother. Ken would have said, "Not on your life, peanut." Molly, "Don't be stupid, silly."

"Besides," Sue continued, not at all abashed at his refusal, "Ted will come if you ask him. He's dying to come." Ted was the Templeton boy next door.

"I don't want Ted. I want George."

JOSIE'S MOTHER did come to call. The children had barely left when the front doorbell rang. Helen, who was none too fond of Josie, took an instant dislike to her mother. She was a large woman and the three red flowers on her hat accentuated her florid complexion. She gushed, and Helen didn't like gushing. She gushed



be too kind to tell me. Or perhaps someone will fix it for me." Her skin crawled. She had always hated to be touched casually.

She kept her eyes closed. "I mustn't get excited. I must stay quite calm. No books, no movies, no theatre—" Behind her eyelids she felt herself rushing forward and back like something trapped inside the prison of her head. "People will smile and I won't know. They can deceive and humor me and I won't suspect." She whirled faster. "I couldn't even put an end to it. People don't buy poison for you. It's not done. I must get it while I still can and keep it hidden—" She crashed back to sanity when the doorbell rang.

After she'd admitted the tailor and explained about George's grey suit, she settled herself resolutely to read. It was no use. Though the effect of the medicine had worn off she found herself constantly closing her left eye to find out if the small dancing blank space blocked out the words. It always did. She could not fool herself. Her right eye had become useless for reading. Soon it would be useless altogether; and then the left would begin to go. "Cumulative," was the word the doctor had used.

That way, she realized, lay hysteria. She flung her book aside and began pacing the living room. Her treadmill bringing her to the fireplace, she found temporary solution there. As she polished the silver candlesticks and washed the Chinese figures in soapy water she felt some release. "If only I had something *hard* to do," she thought, and found that too, in scrubbing and waxing the mantel and fireplace tiles. Sitting back on her heels to admire her handwork, she felt, for a moment—before she remembered—a glow of satisfaction in her small accomplishment.

She had, she found, an instinct to keep what had happened to her to herself until she had fought her fear and mastered it. She would not, she decided, tell anyone—not even George. However absent and withdrawn George had lately become he would, about this crisis, be all warm sympathy, and then she'd let go and break. Better to hold on tight until she'd grown used to living with the thing.

It was easier than she'd expected to keep her own counsel. Welcome physical weariness held her numbly silent, sent her to sleep almost as soon as she lay down in her bed. "Maybe this is why desperately poor, hard-driven people can bear to go on living," she thought dimly. "They're too tired to think." Then she slept.

Usually when the clip-clop of milk-wagon horses roused her, Lee was wont to snuggle deeper into her blankets, trying as long as possible, to ward off the new day. Next morning, however, she woke wide awake at once and lay staring out the window.

SLOWLY orienting herself, she tried to remember what it was that made a sore spot in her mind. Then with a jerk, it came to her. "There are no lenses that will improve your vision," Dr. Grayson had told her. "I shall want another examination in a week to determine how fast this condition is progressing." That, she was certain, was what he had said, though fear had so stampeded her mind that she'd hardly followed him. She had got herself out of his office without asking his opinion as to how long—Resolutely she shut off that question. Somehow, in the clear light of early morning, she didn't want to dwell upon that. This morning she felt, only, that she had now, today.

Her gaze, which had been fixed, unseeing, focused upon actuality and the church across the street. Odd she'd never noticed how beautiful it looked against the clear cold blue of an early morning sky. She remembered having heard that this particular church was one of the finest, architecturally, in the city. Her eyes followed the line of peaked red roofs, ascended lightly to the spire, cut clear and fine. It seemed, all at once, impossible that she'd been waking in this bed every morning for three years and yet had never before discovered the sense of peace she could find in contemplating the per-



"I do need glasses," she repeated. "George, dear, your wife is getting to be an old lady."

fect proportion of those gabled roofs from the window.

She got up and went to the window. In the street below a busy neighborhood life was beginning. Janitors washed down steps, laughing and talking animatedly back and forth to each other. Taxi drivers in the rank by the church lounged and gossiped. Farther down the block a tall man was feeding a carrot to a milk-wagon horse, to their obvious mutual enjoyment. It was like—why, it was as bright and cozy as the small Main Street of the country town where she was born. Lee thought, amused. Who would dream a city block could take on a completely different personality when you weren't looking? On impulse she clapped, in her bedroom clogs, right into George's bedroom to tell him about it.

"You must come and see," she urged when, to her surprise, George had waked and not been cross at her

unseasonable chatter. "It all looks so bright and clean and neighborly—" She hesitated. "You must think I'm out of my mind—"

"I think you're cute," George told her, pulling her down to rumple her hair. He was being amazingly understanding in view of his drowsy state. "You look about sixteen this morning, Lee. What's got into you?"

But it was evening of that strangely enchanted day before Lee knew, herself, just what it was that had "got into" her. When, soon after breakfast, she stepped out into the street, now noisy with traffic, the first thing her eyes fell upon, through a gap in the impatiently halted cars, was the blare of yellow forsythia blooming against the grey stone of the church. "Why, Thomas, when did they plant that bush?" she demanded of the doorman. "They must have set it out only yesterday."

Thomas smiled at her and touched his cap. "Morning, Mrs. Martin. No, ma'am, that bush's been there ever since this house was built. It's been blooming near a week now. Spring's come, I guess."

And spring was in the air as Lee walked uptown. She walked slowly along the street, savoring the color and richness of the beautiful things displayed in the shop windows. She toured the antique shops, hunting for the girandoles she'd always meant, and always postponed, buying for her Victorian mantel. She managed time to see the Gauguin etchings she'd been hearing about for months; standing amazed that that slashing gusty painter could have produced such delicacy. She managed time, yet time seemed dogging her heels, warning her to hurry. "I must be trying to distract my mind," she decided, pushing fear down once or twice. Not oftener, because she was, all that day, too interested to turn her thoughts inward.

At dusk she found herself walking southward in the Park. It was when she stopped, on a high point along the drive, and stood staring at the roofs of the buildings on the edge of the Park and the harmony of the surrounding buildings where lights were beginning to shine out, that she understood. She was, she discovered, making pilgrimage, in her fashion. "I'm trying to see everything I can, while I can," she said, under her breath. "It's as if I'd been dead and come alive suddenly." Then more practical matters intervened and she began walking briskly toward the avenue. "I can get flowers for the dinner table before I take the bus," she planned.

IT WAS nearly dark and very cold by the time she reached her street. Spring hadn't come to stay after all. "It will be fun to build a roaring fire and have dinner on a card table in front of it," Lee thought, almost running in her haste to get inside, out of the wind. It was then she nearly collided with the little man who always stood on the corner, selling key rings. The whole winter he'd stood there and Lee had walked round him, eyes averted, when she shook her head at his importunities. Once she'd bought a key ring, impatiently charitable, but still not looking at him, because it embarrassed her to have to feel sorry for people.

Tonight he stood, stupidly, just at the cross-walk, and she had to step back to keep from jostling him. She raised her head, frowning, and her eyes met his blank ones. His face was whipped red, and the wind had made tears run down his cheeks.

"Isn't it cold?" Lee said impulsively. It was startling, the way his face changed. It was as if—afterward her mind searched to think how it was—it was as if an empty dark house had suddenly been lit up.

"It sure is, lady," was all he said, but the whole evening her mind felt warmed whenever she remembered him.

Lee walked the streets a great deal those next days while she waited for her appointment with the oculist. It seemed that only by constant action could she hold away her fear of the future. ☆ Continued on page 42

Eyes TO SEE

by NANCY BARNES

LEE SET a bowl of violets between the short silver candlesticks on the dinner table. They were not fresh, and they gave off a slightly acrid odor, but it did not seem worth while to order more. The yellow candles would have been prettier with violets, but it was too much trouble to get them out.

After dinner George reached for his book and settled into his deep chair with a sigh. Lee saw that he had two hundred pages yet to read and sighed in her turn. That meant another evening of silence.

She sat for a while on the window seat, watching car lights slide past. It would be fun to be going somewhere; to be going somewhere for the first time, she amended; perhaps to be eighteen and on the way to the theatre and thrilled about it. For herself, she was thirty-five and there was not one thing she wanted to see.

She wandered to the table and turned over the magazines. "Haven't you anything to read?" George asked. "There's a good article on Hitler there somewhere."

"Read—read! I'm sick of reading!" The retort was so shrill in her mind that it seemed incredible she hadn't

said it aloud. But she had not. George, she saw, had returned to his book.

"I'll sew, I think," she said quietly. "I haven't embroidered in years. I'll put a monogram on those new towels. Embroidery might be very good for me, dear. I'm sure it's always done a lot for mother." She laughed without mirth. "Or perhaps I mean for dad."

George smiled at her absently, and Lee busied herself with drawing a complicated pattern of her initials. Settling herself under the lamp, she stuck the needle in at the top of the "L" and bent forward. The "L" was not there. She blinked and held the towel away from her. Odd. She could see quite well when she looked at it casually, but when she half-shut one eye and tried to concentrate on a definite point in the pencilled outline, the whole letter disappeared.

She sat back and rubbed her eyes. They felt as if they had smoke in them. "George," she said, "isn't it absurd? I do believe I need glasses."

There was no answer and she tried again, to concentrate. But the letters, so black and distinct, vanished

as soon as she tried to focus upon the first stitch. She laid the towel down and, discovering she had been frowning, smoothed out the line between her eyes.

"I do need glasses," she repeated. "George, dear, your wife is getting to be an old lady."

George put his finger on the page to mark his place while he looked up. "Oh, very likely, dear," he agreed affectionately. He hadn't, of course, heard a word she said. These days it was as if a thick wall of glass stood between them. She could not, any more, get through. Mostly, now, she didn't try.

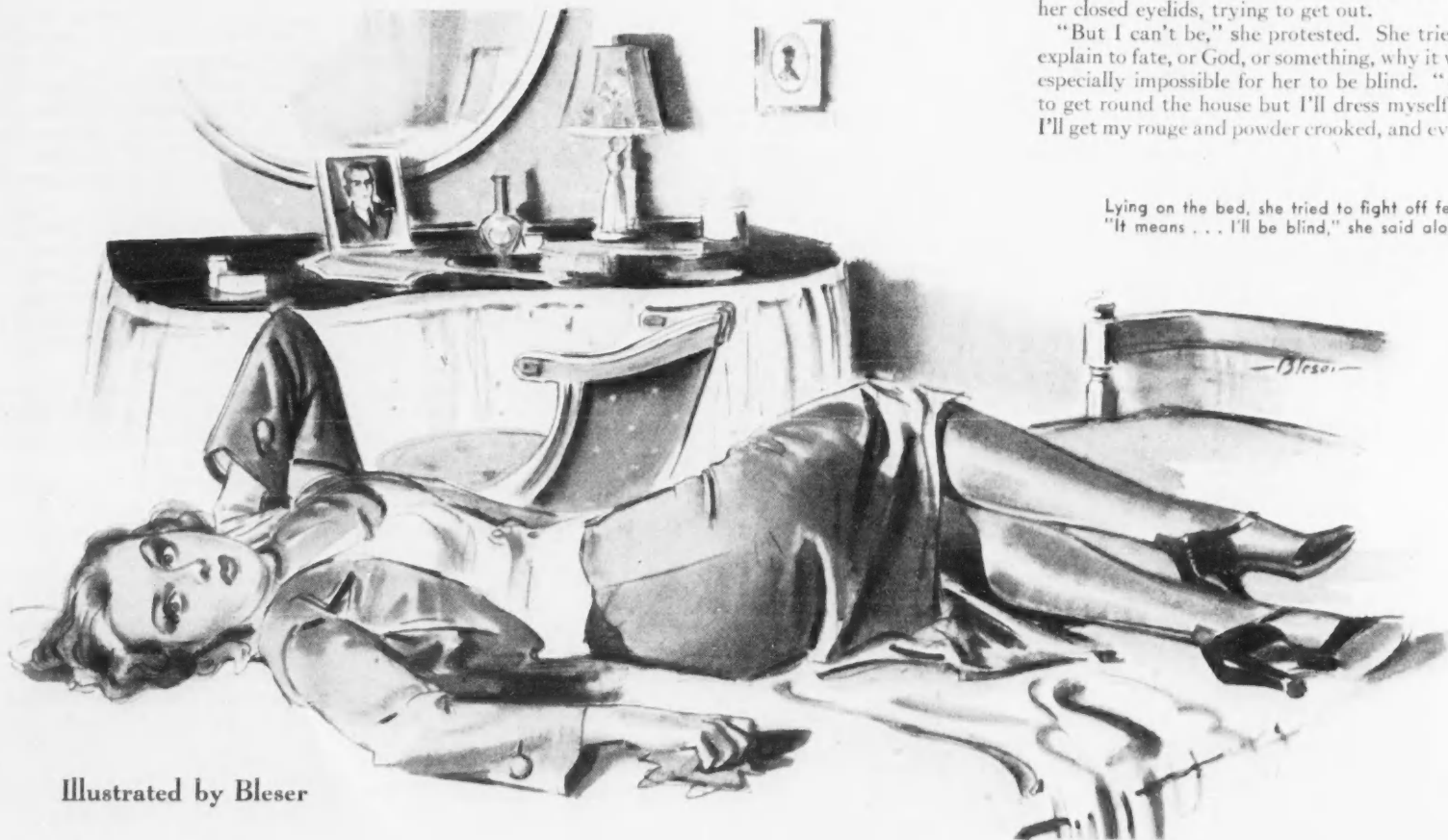
RETURNING from the oculist, next day, Lee stumbled into her own room and hung up her coat and hat with fingers that shook. "But that—why, that means I'll be blind," she said aloud. Her voice was startling in the stillness.

Lying on the bed, with a handkerchief over her eyes because the drops in them still made them twitch and smart, she tried to fight off fear.

"I—blind!" she repeated, and her head whirled. The word *blind*, hitherto an innocent arrangement of letters, was now like a sharp blow. "It will be dark like this all the time," she thought, and felt her *self* pressing against her closed eyelids, trying to get out.

"But I can't be," she protested. She tried, then, to explain to fate, or God, or something, why it would be so especially impossible for her to be blind. "I'll be able to get round the house but I'll dress myself all wrong. I'll get my rouge and powder crooked, and everyone will

Lying on the bed, she tried to fight off fear.
"It means . . . I'll be blind," she said aloud.



Illustrated by Bleser

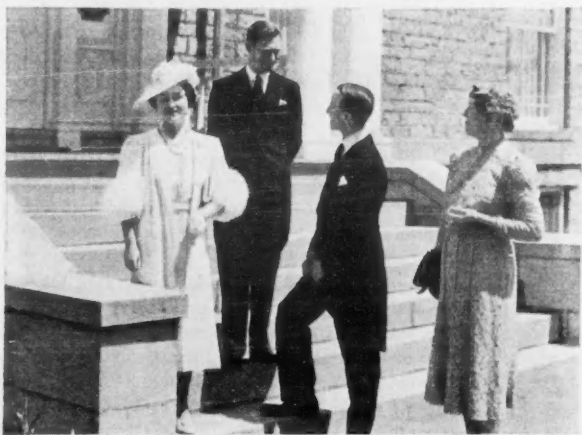


The King and Queen of Canada in Ottawa.

Now that it's over, look back on the Royal Tour through the eyes of two Chatelaine writers. Ken Wilson writes of the Queen and Mollie McGee gives amusing side-lights.



A blind veteran cheers his King and Queen as they pass.



An informal moment on the steps of Rideau Hall.



Pieces of the King's Birthday cake were treasured souvenirs.



Above and below are typical scenes in many centres.



NOW THAT *They're Home Again*



by MOLLIE MCGEE

by KENNETH WILSON

WATCHING from among the crowds as the King and Queen have toured Canada has been even more interesting than attending the Jubilee or Coronation in London. There was that eagerness and enthusiasm that only comes when a great event takes place for the first time, the slight nervousness behind scenes that something might go amiss and afterward, the intense satisfaction that all had gone well.

When We Met Them on the wharf at Wolf's Cove at Quebec, or at the railway stations throughout the country, we placed our officials in the front row in brilliant uniforms and silk hats, then stood for hours behind Guards of Honor to cheer them—feebly at first—when they arrived. We aren't used to first hand views of our King and Queen or to expressing our feelings for them in loud voices, but once we got a good look at them, found how much we liked them, we yelled ourselves hoarse.

They Helped Us Out When We Made Mistakes, such as hiding them behind barriers of flowers in their box at the Woodbine races. The King ordered the offending decorations away immediately and when he found a line of Mounties still hid him from the crowd, had the stalwarts sent to one side. Later he walked with the Queen down to chat to the people who had been deprived of a view. Officials in Winnipeg who found to their horror they had neglected to present a most important visitor were intensely relieved when he was invited to the station at the King's suggestion and presented to Their Majesties in front of all local dignitaries as the Royal blue train waited.

We Weren't Quite Sure How to Behave, we were so afraid of doing something we shouldn't. We practiced "God Save the King" till even some of the children rebelled and there was a deep sigh of relief when the King stood to attention during the singing of "O, Canada!" in Ottawa and gave it the status of National Anthem. Practising curtsies also did not always have beneficial results. There was the important official's wife in one city who trained her young daughter to walk and gracefully present a bouquet with a bow, by balancing a heavy book on the child's head. It fell off during the rehearsal the evening before the event, broke the lady's big toe and she had to be driven to every function—taxis and cars were not allowed on the route—in the side-car of a traffic cop's motor-bicycle.

We were not sufficiently backward about taking away floral decorations as souvenirs. The women who robbed the Chateau Frontenac lobby in Quebec of its red roses after lunch, might not have been so greedy if they had realized the King and Queen were attending a dinner there in the evening and the management had arranged to send the flowers on to several hospitals.

Then There Was That Matter of Clothes, treated every bit as seriously by the men as the women. The silk hat sent by Mayor Day of Toronto to Mayor John ☆ *Continued on page 44*

UP AND DOWN Canada a rippling tide of happy speech is ebbing and flowing. It sounds something like this: "Wasn't she beautiful—?"

"I had no idea she was so lovely—"

"—or so human—"

"Her pictures don't do her justice—"

Surely no woman ever dreamed of a conquest so complete and so universal. Surely no one is more deserving of universal tribute than this happy, radiant and genuinely human young Queen, whose presence among us for four thrilling weeks was indeed a benediction.

Now it is all over, it is hard to understand why we were all taken so much by surprise. All of us knew about Lillibet—apple of her grandfather's eye. Many of us as we listened to the glorious ritual of the Coronation ceremonies were proud and thankful, if we thought about it at all, that our King had such a fine Scottish Queen to share his far-flung responsibilities. Most of us since then have followed with very personal interest the unfolding story of this model family as it gained increasing respect and affection.

But for all that I think it is fair to say that our Queen Elizabeth still failed to catch our imagination. We had been told, of course, that she was a sensible home-loving mother. We realized that her homely Scottish virtues were a great boon to the King and to the Empire. We had seen pictures of her opening bazaars, or waving to London crowds. But of the charm and radiance which we now know to be hers in such abundance, we knew little or nothing.

It is said that photography is chiefly responsible for this void of understanding knowledge about our Queen. Quite frankly, when I waited for her on that memorable day in May at Quebec City, I kept wondering whether or not she still had "those awful bangs." Even today fully half the pictures and lithographs which are displayed in store windows or on kitchen walls, depict a person who is as much lacking in charm and loveliness as our Queen is full of it.

The thousands of photographs which have been taken during the Royal visit have done much to change this. But even now, the picture which most of us carry in our heart and mind's eye is not one which lends itself easily to mechanical reproduction. Such things as charm, grace, character and flashing blue eyes are not easy to describe or to engrave or print on paper.

But these heart-warming glimpses which most of us had as we saw the Royal car speed by, or as we watched her alight from a car or receive a bouquet, are very true, very revealing. Day after day I had the opportunity of watching at first hand this lovely lady as she made her triumphal way across this Dominion. Day after day I marvelled at her perpetual charm and good spirits and her unfailing interest and sincerity; at her ability to be both human and queenly in a very real and wonderful way.

My first opportunity really to see the Queen came in the magnificent ☆ *Continued on page 45*



"Tony!" cried Everett. "Alison's going to marry me!"

"In another two weeks I'll be going away. They'll both forget me. And I'll forget—them." And that too, Laura realized, dazedly, had been one of her sentences.

Poor Laura Marbury! Alison, looking down at her, felt a qualm of real pity, of genuine affection. It had been a shame, stealing the older woman's thunder this way. She leaned over impulsively and kissed Mrs. Marbury quickly on the cheek.

Then she was recrossing the room, passing beyond Mrs. Marbury's eyes; but not beyond her mind. She had not supposed the girl existed who could refuse Anthony. As Alison's feet tapped lightly down the stairs, Laura's mind followed them with a reluctant respect. Well, that was that. Best not to talk to Everett about it. Let sleeping dogs lie.

ON MONDAY morning Joan came back. Anthony met her at the train—Anthony, with Vivi and a dozen others in Vivi's smart new roadster. But when he saw her, a nervous Joan with a hurt, shrinking look in her eyes that made her like no Joan he had ever before seen, he wished the others weren't there. He told her so, in an undertone. "Not that that's a new feeling, Joan, or even news to you," but it appeared almost to be, from the color it brought to Joan's white face. He held her hand close with a queer feeling of protectiveness. He understood now what Alison had meant. Joan had been hurt. Foolish Joan! He made a lot of noise

and fuss all the way up the hill to cover his feelings. There were lots of feelings you showed, but not real ones. They were too embarrassing.

At the dormitory, seeing the fright come back to her eyes, he squeezed her arm hard, roared up the side of the building for Alison to come down, and climbing back in the car shouted loudly, "Have dinner with me, Joan? Sure you will. Hello, Alison! See you later, Joan."

In her room Joan began to cry. Alison shook her fiercely. "Quit it!" she said. "All that's over—dead—buried—forgotten. You're the only one that remembers. All the students are thinking of now is, will that bald-headed prof pass me or will I have to take his rotten course over again. And I want to tell you, Joan. I'm not marrying Tony. You know how Tony is. I was just one of his little flings. Quit your crying, Joan—please! You'll have me down in a minute!"

But Joan, face down in her pillow, was crying as if her heart was breaking, instead of healing. From the depths of her pillow her strangled voice kept repeating, "I thought he hated me. I thought he hated me!"

EVERETT OPENED an experimental eye upon his alarm clock. Gosh! Nine o'clock. There was no rest to this being sick business. If he wasn't up at daybreak his mother brought him a tray. He hated breakfast in bed. The eggs always stuck halfway down his throat—Too late!

"Hi, mom! You're spoiling me." He shoved over to make room for the tray on the bed. There was no salt on the tray. But there was a letter from Franklin.

Everett tore open the letter, and with it in one hand and a piece of toast in the other, he began to read it, while his mind made automatic answers to his mother like, "Sure, I'm fine. No, my head doesn't—Mother!"

Laura dropped the teacup into which she was preparing to open a boiled egg. "Mercy, Everett! What is it?"

"Mother! Franklin's offered me a job! Somebody's resigned—"

He threw the letter at his mother, flung off the covers so that the edge of the blanket went into the coffee, and bolted into the bathroom, grabbing his clothes as he went. From there he shouted remarks like, "Think of working with Franklin!" and "Gee, what a break!" And then he came back, buckling the belt in his white flannel trousers, and began pawing about for a shirt. It was the silence of his mother that caused him finally to look.

She was sitting there, Laura was, in the chair by his bed, crying into his napkin.

He was across the room in an instant. "Why, mother—what is it?"

"Don't look at me!" said Laura very faintly. "I look so when I cry."

But Everett wasn't worrying about his mother's looks. He said, "What is it I've done?"

Laura shook her head. "I'm just being a fool, Buddy."

Buddy! That was the name she had called him when he was little, when he had been the eldest, the big brother. He sat, astonished, his eyes averted.

Laura pointed to the letter. "It's just that it seems kind of unfair—I mean, whatever they do is right and makes you happy. While we—no matter how hard—how much—"

Those were the same words he had often heard, but there was a great difference in them now. He was confounded.

"But, mother—don't you see, it's this job! It's perfect! I can't think of anything I'd rather do!"

"I know. And you'll live with them. It'll be more fun there than it's been being with your father and me. Just like going abroad with them; it will be more fun for you with them than to have gone with your father."

"With my father? But father isn't—" He stared at his mother's agitated, almost guilty face, incredulously. "Mother! Was dad going to ask me to go abroad with him? Mother—is that what you're saying?"

"I shouldn't have told you. When Margaret's letter came, he knew you'd rather—"

"Mother!" Everett's voice rang in the room. "But I wouldn't rather! To go with dad—Why, mother, I'd—I'd eat my hat! I must tell him. Is he in?"

Everett was across the room, diving into his shirt. Laura stood up. "He's at the office. But Everett! He'll know I told you, and he'll think you're giving up what you'd rather do, just to please him. Out of kindness."

Everett stopped buttoning his shirt to look at his mother. Then he laughed. "Mother—my dear mother! You make me laugh. Me being kind to father!"

"But you don't know, Everett," said his mother. "You don't seem to understand that that's the way we feel. We can't make you love us—want to be with us—if you don't."

Everett's hand dropped from his shirt in amazement.

"Oh, my dear boy!" Suddenly Laura was crying again. "That was such a terrible time. You'll never know how we all felt! When you were away in the winter, why—still you were just there. But when we thought maybe you'd never be back again—something in the house just died. Tony hardly left your room for almost a week. He wouldn't go to class and he wouldn't eat. And even Jerry never left the hall. You've no idea! We—all of us—we—"

"Mother!" For a minute Everett stood there, staring at his mother. Then he put his hands on her arms, looking down into her face. He had time to wonder at himself: This was he, Everett, under the necessity of making his mother understand that he was fond of her.

"You know, mother," he said, feeling very queer, and moved, and uncertain. "There isn't anyone else to a kid, ever, like his own folks. They are the ones he wants. Gee, it's hard to say—"

How could he say it? It wasn't decent to air one's emotions like this. Everett saw it clearly, in a flash. You couldn't go around, every day, doing this kind of thing. Perhaps in her mind his mother had wanted to say a lot of things, just as in his mind he always had. Perhaps his father had. Perhaps Tony.

"Mother! Darling mother!"

Somehow the words weren't hard at all; they just burst out of him, seeing her standing there so humble and untidy and rather old. With the final necessity of a child for his mother his arms reached out for her.

"And you come too, mother."

"I?" Laura straightened her figure. "No—I can't. I just can't take the time. Some other summer, though. But not this summer—"

As Everett finished his dressing he looked at himself in the glass. There was color in his face, and his eyes

were bright. He went down his stairs, called in to his mother sitting at her desk, merely a woman writing letters, "I'm going to find dad," and then, moved unaccountably, he crossed the mulberry room and stood beside her, looking down. He thought he might just kiss her cheek.

She looked up a little absently, her eyes hitting his sweater. "Dear boy," she said. "Don't be late for lunch, will you?"

He went down the stairway and stood for a moment in the hall. Beyond the bright door was the world; in a moment more he would step out into it. But for this moment this was home. He looked around him; the same overmagnificent panelling; the formal, unlivid-in rooms; the dining room heavy with mahogany and impressive silver. He might never really live here again. But this was home.

He passed out into the sunlight and cut across the street to the campus. The grass received him, the shade of the elms fell drifting on his white flannels and thin white sweater, and the chimes, quoting the half-hour, beat with familiar dissonance in upper sunlight. He strode across the campus, exulting in it. This life would be his, as it had been his father's. That he would fit into the place Franklin offered him he felt no manner of doubt. He had been waiting, he didn't know for what; but it had come, and he recognized it.

He passed Memorial Arch, where students were sitting, studying with last-minute frenzy. Two of the figures were Joan and Alison. *Continued on page 24*



WITH THE quickness of youth Everett got well; and it amused him a good deal to discover that he was a hero. Quite like the man who became famous because he had been the sole survivor of a boiler explosion. To appear on the street was to be stopped every few feet by somebody, by several people; he was almost at once the centre of a group. To lie in the yard in a long chair was to hold a reception. Everybody that knew Anthony was acquainted with Anthony Marbury's brother. Nowadays, indeed, if you wanted to speak of one of the brothers, you had to specify which one, because now there were two: Everett — you know Everett; and Anthony — you know Anthony.

Alison came daily. She ran in for half an hour, sometimes longer. She came in the house as one who belonged; Everett could hear her greet his mother, and now and again, when they were together, Laura would come out and speak to them. When Anthony was there it was, queerly enough, nicest, almost, of all, when the three of them were together. Perhaps a good crack on the head, Everett thought whimsically, was what I needed.

It was eleven o'clock and Tony and Everett were sitting in the sun on the back porch, eating last night's ice cream from a big bowl, when Alison, in yellow and white, came round the corner of the house.

"Hey! Don't eat the last bite, you gluttons."

"I always eat the last bite," said Tony, making ready to dive with his spoon. But she caught his hand.

"Not this time, you don't," and neatly zipped Tony's away from him and ate the last bite of ice cream. "Strawberry—um! Tony, I want to talk to you. Mind if we desert you, Brother?" To prove her impartiality she stooped and kissed the corner of his mouth, lightly. "I'll be back, later."

Yes, thought Everett, watching the two bright figures go away together, it was right that way. But when over the slope of the hill he saw Tony put his arm around Alison, and Alison lean for a moment against him, a strange sensation came over him. He felt that he was again under that relentless water, darkness and suffocation around him. He got from his chair and walked steadily to the house. He must get there before he drowned. Yes, he was alive.

Alison wasted no time. She had come to say something, and she proceeded immediately to say it. It was costing her something; but that was one of the things she knew—that you paid for things in this life. She sat down by the apple tree and pulled Tony down beside her.

"Tony," she said, "you do remember that you asked me to marry you, don't you?"

"Alison!"

"I know, sweet lamb. Your tone sounds almost as if you had fully convinced yourself that that truly is what you want. But Tony, you remember, we were dancing together—But just the same, don't you realize that ever since you said that, and I said—"

"You said, 'Perhaps,' Alison, and I've been waiting—"

Both her hands were on his, and her eyes, looking into his, were insistent.

"Don't answer. I know how it is. I'm terribly fond of you, Tony; as fond of you, I'm sure, as you are of me. But I don't want to marry you, and that's why I know you don't really want to marry me. You've given me a marvellous year. I've been the most envied girl in



*Concluding the novel of
romance and ambition
among young people in a
college town*

by CLARISSA
FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN

The Other Brother

college. And I've had you. And now, darling, I want to talk about something else. About Joan."

Anthony's eyes were on his hands, holding hers. "Joan! Alison, how can you talk about Joan—now?"

Alison laughed a little, but she raised herself and kissed him to soften the laugh. "You know those are just words, Tony, you're saying. The proper words. I want you to read this."

She pulled from her pocket a letter and handed it to him. Anthony read it in silence. It was a friendly letter, but a sad letter, from Joan's mother to Alison. It said that Joan wasn't well and wouldn't be back, and would Alison pack her things.

"You see?" Alison, by the force of her will, made Tony look at her. "You've done this, Tony. You've got to assume the responsibility for it."

"Me?" Anthony was startled. "It wasn't my fault she hadn't dived in!"

"It's what you said to her, Tony. There's not the least person in the whole university that doesn't know what you said to her. It's that that's killed Joan. She can't face that—that, and the thought that you despise her, and that everyone knows it."

"I don't despise her! The idea! Of course I dived in! But Joan—she just got panicky, was all. Girls do."

"Exactly. Girls do. And already the nine-days wonder of that accident is over. This is Friday. Examinations begin Monday. The whole thing is already a dead issue. But not for Joan. And for Joan to have her whole life wrecked—thinking, always, what people have themselves stopped thinking, not getting her degree, not hearing from you again—it's cruel, Tony. You can't let it just go on and do nothing about it. Because if Joan would come back, and be seen everywhere with you again, Tony, and take her examinations like everybody else—Won't you write Joan and invite her up for the Senior Prom, and tell her—oh—you know—Will you?"

"Sure, Alison. I—Sure I will, if you want it. Joan's one of the best. Only—you and me, we—"

"You'll write today? Now?" She raised herself on

her knees and kissed his face swiftly. "Thank you, Tony. I'll run along now. You'll remember you've promised?"

ALISON WENT steadily across the lawn to the house. She was going to see Mrs. Marbury. But there was a great ache in her heart. Tony's muscles under his thin shirt were so beautiful; and with Everett she might have lived with love, quietly, in a little place. She found Mrs. Marbury in the mulberry-colored room, sitting at her desk.

In the last weeks Alison's eyes had seen, and her mind had understood with pity, that seemingly invincible woman. She had seen that Laura's heart was, for all time, bound up in Anthony; so much so that this new impact of her affection for Everett was almost like an infidelity. She got no peace from it.

"I have wanted to tell you something, Mrs. Marbury. But I wanted to be sure. I am not going to marry Anthony. Not either of your sons."

Many shocks had hit Laura Marbury in the last two weeks, but they did not prepare her for this. She said, "What?" and quite humanly gaped at Alison.

Alison smiled down at her. Her honest bewilderment was somehow touching. She felt very much wiser and more mature than Laura Marbury. But then, she always had. Laura Marbury had always lived too protected a life; that was why she was so ignorant, and didn't even know that she was ignorant.

"Not that Everett's asked me," said Alison.

"Everett!" Mrs. Marbury's mind was still groping, and this new tangent only increased her confusion. "But Everett knows you care for Anthony."

"But I don't care for Anthony—not that much."

"You don't—" But Laura Marbury could not go on. She had a fleeting conviction that she ought to stand up; she was taller than this girl. She had been turning over in her mind talking seriously to Alison, pointing out this and that, persuading the girl that—it had been a good scene, full of friendliness and superior wisdom. She tried to gather some of this together.



There was a faint knock at the door and Irene came in, bringing a bunch of those pale English primroses.

Irene came down then, and it was Alfred who stepped toward her, took her to a chair and, seating himself, began to chat with, or rather to, her about London.

Irene did manage, "Yes, all my life in London." "It's a great city," said Alfred, and went on talking, leaning toward her.

Lucy sighed with relief and hurried out to the kitchen for the tea and muffins. How funny it was to be worried over making a person feel at home when, half an hour before, you had wished she didn't exist.

She turned from the oven to find Gerald standing there staring at her. She felt she had caught an expression on his face as though he were going to say something that he had followed her out to say, but it quickly fell away into a sort of blank dejection. "I'll carry the things in," he muttered. He picked up the plate of hot oatmeal muffins, took a step away, then turned back. "There's something about this place," he said, and she saw creep into his eyes the sort of expression with which he used to look at Elaine.

She nodded. She felt it, heaven knows. She used to be very fond of Gerald, like a brother, but, wistful as he looked at this moment, she couldn't feel quite the same way any more.

It was a rather painful little meal around the old oak table, with its centrepiece of the summer's last white

lilacs. There was a strained discretion in the talk, a perpetual pulling away from the urge to reminisce about Elaine. Each time Gerald spoke Lucy started, afraid of, and yet wanting, that name on his lips. He kept staring at the white lilacs, and she remembered suddenly a rapt hour when daylight lingered and moonlight began and the bush of white lilacs was in full, sweet bloom, and Gerald and Elaine stood together in the first days of their love.

But it was to Irene that her eyes kept turning, to the thin, shrinking, childlike, overdressed girl with the rigid wave in her yellow hair. She tried to understand how it had happened, and somehow couldn't—yet, she supposed, anything could happen when a man was agonizingly lonely and desperate with loss, and the girl was so obviously in love with him. Her half-frightened, rather lovely eyes kept finding their way to his face like an unhappy child's.

And she was so noticeably uncomfortable. It was easy to see that she was painfully aware of the roots that linked her companions together, and to this place, while she was an outsider. Lucy wasn't so sure now of her first impression of stupidity. Was it just that she belonged to a wholly different world, her every characteristic an adaptation to that world, and now in theirs suspended, meaningless?

Gerald never seemed to look at her. Soothed by the tea, and the companionship, and the feel of the place, he began to talk of his writing. "It hasn't been going at all," he said. "I've been like a husk. But I feel as though it will come back to me here."

VERY EARLY next morning Lucy half woke to the sound of footsteps that must have been Gerald's, creaking along the hall and down the stairs. The front door thudded softly, and he was gone out into the dew-drenched, misty fields and woods. Long ago it used to be that two pairs of feet would creak down these stairs, bent on some early-morning excursion. Through the wall between their bedrooms she could hear the restless tossing of that strange, unhappy little second wife.

Irene was downstairs almost as soon as she, and eager to help with the getting of breakfast. She must have had nothing in the way of clothes but that rather tasteless finery, because here she was in canary yellow silk with puffs and furbelows and her small feet wobbly with two-inch heels. And she didn't even look as though she liked her clothes, but was wearing them for some earnest, unflinching purpose. Lucy could only think that the purpose must be to "live up to" Gerald.

Then the clumping little ☆ Continued on page 29

The Outsider

The story of a second marriage and a sister-in-law who fought to erase the memory of a beloved companion

by DOROTHY ROBERTS LEISNER

LUCY WONDERED why Gerald wanted to come. After all, Elaine was over a year dead and now he was married again, and surely with this new marriage he was out of the family. She remembered how startled she had been when she heard of the marriage, as though it were something impossible, incredible. Gerald and Elaine, like one, speaking to each other with a swift glance of shining eyes, loving each other with a touch of the fingers, knowing each other more deeply and intimately than a person knows himself. Yet after a moment she had realized it was foolish being surprised. It was common knowledge that the men most happily married often remarry the most quickly. They hunger and thirst for a taste of the old sweetness.

The door opened and Alfred came in, and with him a whiff of the earth- and grass-fragrant air. She looked up from the cutting of cookies. "Leave the door open, dear. I love that air." Each time she looked at Alfred she saw him almost with surprise, so tanned and carefree had his face grown in the few weeks of being here on the old farm.

She reached for the letter in her apron pocket and thought better of it. "Alfred, what do you think of Gerald's coming here with his new wife?"

He looked startled. "Good heavens, what for?" She could tell that he too felt that this place was somehow sacred to Elaine, though he had seen her in it only after she was grown up. If ever a place belonged to anyone, in a spiritual sense, this old home of their childhood belonged to Elaine.

They stood there silent in the big old-fashioned kitchen and her mind went back over the years, and saw, sharp as immediacy, herself and Elaine running in the hilly fields behind the house. Elaine was always just in front of her, always a little swifter—though she was nearly two years younger and not nearly so strong in a tussle—but fast as though she were made of the wind itself. She remembered her long golden brown hair streaming out behind her, and her lithe little sun-burned body, and then, as she wheeled round, her pixielike, laughing face, with the big gold-brown eyes.

And here in this old house, where they had "brought each other up" since their mother's death when she was ten and Elaine eight, every room was alive with memories. Their reading together, their acting and make-believe games, through the long hours while their doctor father was out and the taciturn housekeeper the only other person in the house. She had done most of the taking care of herself and Elaine, but it was Elaine who had put the magic touch upon their lives, had invented and inspired that infinite world of make-believe. She would never forget Elaine, who had saved her childhood from the loneliness and sombreness into which it would otherwise have fallen, and had made of it a touchstone for the worth of adult life.

Now with her father and Elaine gone, she supposed the place belonged wholly to her. But it was not a possession as material things are possessed. She and Alfred and the children came here every summer as soon as college closed, and Alfred farmed the straggly fields a bit, and grew rugged and contented after the months of teaching. And the children, she felt, received from these woods, this warped old orchard and old house of many generations, something indefinable, yet infinitely more real than anything the world could give.

Elaine and Gerald used to come here again and again, any time of year they took a fancy to, in the same impulsive way they did everything. Sometimes their

visits would clash, and it was then that she would see what a radiant thing their marriage was. There had been no line of demarcation between their lives, as there had been none between Elaine's childhood and adult self, and now as there was none between Elaine's memory and this old home.

And here was Gerald wanting to bring his new wife to the place. It must be that writers were so sensitively alive in their own imaginative worlds that they had nothing but obtuseness left for daily living. Yet that didn't seem to fit with her memory of Gerald.

She sighed; and when the cookies were done she went and wrote Gerald that she and Alfred would like to have them here.

THEY ARRIVED three days later, right on the heels of Gerald's letter of gratitude. Alfred brought them from the station. It was nearly nine, and the children were asleep and the house and fields silent. Darkness had not yet come, and the young summer evening had a clear and magical tranquillity. She heard the car in the driveway, and went out across the dewy lawn to greet them.

"Lucy!" Gerald jumped from the car and came to her and took both her hands in his. She felt his fingers pressing into her palms. She felt the hot eagerness of his eyes upon her. "It's like coming home," he said, and it was rather terrible to hear that sort of tremor in a man's voice.

And right behind him was the new wife. Lucy disengaged her hands from his and reached one to the smallish figure at his elbow. He started. "Oh, Lucy, this is Irene. Irene my—sister-in-law, Lucy Phelps."

"Pleased to meet you," came the thin voice pitched too high, and in this mysterious light the eyes looked dark, enormous and frightened like a deer's, and oddly out of place in the ordinary painted little face.

"Come," Lucy said. "We are happy to have you." She took the girl's arm and found that it shook a little.

Illustrated by Heffron



"He doesn't love me," she blurted out. "I don't think he even likes me."

How young she was, and how painfully shy. She looked within herself for the antagonism and resentment with which she had anticipated this successor of her dead sister, and found that it was gone utterly. She couldn't have had resentment against this girl any more than against a child.

They went on into the house, but the men didn't follow. She heard Alfred run the car into the shed that did for a garage, and then the deep murmur of their voices from the verandah. She lit one of the smaller lamps and turned to Irene. "We haven't wired the old home—we have a feeling against it. I'll carry a lamp up to your room—dear, and when you're ready we'll have a cup of tea."

The girl's voice came out quite different this time, low and hurried. "Thanks very much. I am a bit tired." In the lamplight her eyes had that same deerlike look, but they were blue, a rather lovely dark blue. Her mouth was small, and her face tight and overpainted. She was looking about her at the low-ceilinged old room with its wide, many-paned windows set in deep walls, as though she were checking up on something about which she had heard a great deal. They went out into the hall and up the narrow stairway to the room Lucy had fixed for the visitors. It was rather a small room because she couldn't bring herself to put them in the one that Gerald and Elaine had shared. The ceiling sloped and had many angles, the bed was of the old spool type and had been in the house longer than her father had remembered. The exquisite young night pressed against the pane of the single window. She set the lamp on the dresser and turned to go, leaving the girl standing there with her great black shadow bending over her.

Just as she was at the door the girl spoke, laughing nervously. "This house isn't haunted, is it?" And then she blushed, the color rising and spreading out from the rouge.

Lucy laughed, shaking her head. Yet as she went back down the stairs the idea stuck, so palpably did Elaine's spirit pervade the house. Haunted in a beautiful and enriching way—perhaps it was.

THE MEN had come in and were standing in the dining room, where the lamp was turned high and the table spread with some of the dishes that had been in the house when she was a child. She looked at Gerald, his tall, thin figure looming in the low room. He was stooped, which was something new for him, and most of the dash was gone from his extraordinary handsomeness. She had a sharp, vivid picture of the first time he had come here with Elaine—nine years ago it must have been, the summer before she and Alfred were married. Just to look at him took the breath away. And he was so full of the dreams about his writing, which afterward, as the sweet, vagrant years unrolled for them, were moderately realized. Now he had his small but—if what Elaine said was true—imperishable success. And Elaine was gone.

He turned to her and, funnily enough, put his arm about her. "I hope you didn't mind my rushing in on you like this, Lucy. I've been hounded by the desire to come for—for a long time. But something—like fear—held me back. And then all of a sudden last week I knew I had to come—if you'd let me."

"Let you—I was glad you wanted to come," she lied, looking up into his face marked with lines that had not been there when she had last seen it. She couldn't help but notice how he always used "I," as though he were the only one who had been wished upon them.



Three hats that haunt you with their sense of airy glamour . . . Rose Valois does a pert, round taylor with suede bandeau trimming, especially smart if you're keeping up your coiffure. Next, an Agnes model that gets its disturbing flare from a neat cock over one eye, and its lovely color from massed flowers and veil with an under chin bow. Another Agnes, third, is an extravaganza in over-sized beret and pompon effect . . . styled no doubt to compete with such other summer attractions as the World's Fair and the C. N. E.

What you wear . . . how you make up . . . what you eat . . . how you behave . . . will all determine whether or not you stay crisp-as-lettuce and feel your finest under the wilting sun

pale pink or baby blue lingerie. Pastels are cool looking too—and by all means wear them for going out, if not for every day, preferably with darker touches of the same tone. There are deep cool blues and greens too. Better leave the reds and violets and cyclamen shades for winter. They don't take well to sunburned or tanned skins. And they give you a glow which you don't want. Pale yellow is one of the coolest of shades, especially with wine-toned accents, or violets.

What shall I do about sport clothes? Have them jaunty and helter-skelter and loose fitting. One of those slack-shirt-skirt-shorts outfits is marvellous. You can get an extra sweater and jacket in a harmonizing shade and switch them around to no end of good uses and effects. You might try a beige, or grey, or faded blue, spun rayon or hopsacking for the main outfit, and get the sweater in a pale pink and the jacket a checkered or striped or dotted one in a strawberry tint, with beige or grey. You'll look—and be—much happier in loose-fitting things than in tight ones. Save the nipped-in waistlines for your evening clothes.

What about summer night regalia? Washables again. Gay cotton prints with full skirts, or dotted swisses or lace or piqué—all very tubable. Or rainbow-striped cotton with rayon for a gypsy outfit.

Are you an accessory addict? Nothing will make you look so hot and cluttered as an overdose of colored gloves, shoes, flowers and bracelets. But properly used, a bright touch of scarlet, or royal blue, or gold, with your white, shadowy black, or pastel outfit will be dashing and refreshing. Shoes must be easily cleanable—preferably the kind you can scrub—if they're white or

colored. Cuffs, collars and gloves, needless to say, must be washable. Gold jewellery—in single pieces—is very good with white and pastels this year. Gives a neat touch of sophistication. In wearing the pale shades, be on guard against a too pallid look. Of course, the things you can do with flowers. Real ones, preferably; gaily colored cotton or linen ones, if you keep them fresh. There's nothing sadder than a wilted blossom, natural or artificial. Twine yellow posies in your snood for sports wear, make yourself a lei of daisies for parties, or wear a floral bracelet for dinner. And daytime boutonnières everywhere.

YOURSELF

Won't your hair behave? Soothe it with oil rubs, stimulate it with daily brushings, and don't make it take too strong doses of sun and water. A snood or lightweight summer hat will give it protection. If you want to have a long loose bob, besure your neck isn't too short, or your face too wide. Mostly, a short bob, permanented and cut simply, can be handled easily and is tops for smartness.

Do you burn or freckle? A good oil and careful, easy, a-little-at-a-time exposure will protect your skin, however delicate. And faithful application of a bleaching cream will cope with the freckles.

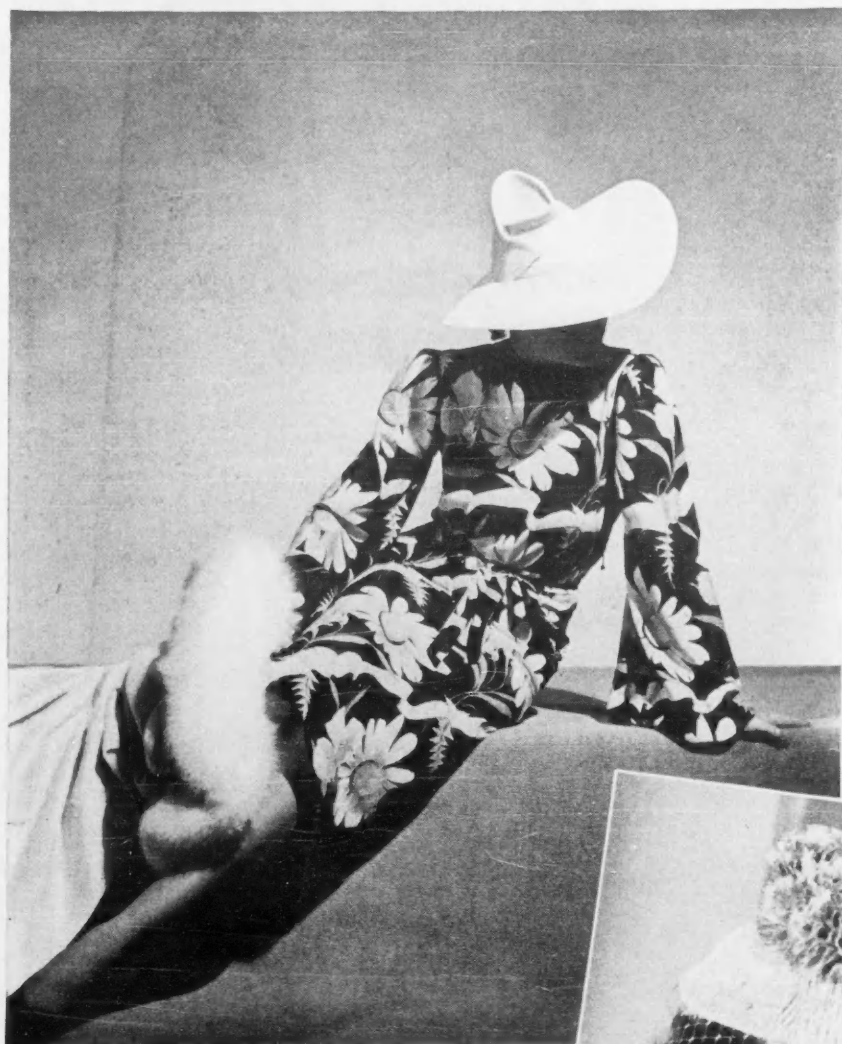
Does your face shine under the midday sun? Nothing's quite so deglamorizing as the glistening nose! If you make up carefully, with a good foundation cream, your powder will hold. Try using a pink powder under rachele to get a nice glow. There's a new cinnamon pink make-up with a dramatic red lipstick that's grand with browns and greens . . . stunning with white.

Do your eyes lack sparkle? Morning and evening bathing in a warm boracic solution will relieve the strain of dusty or sun-blazing days. Cold boracic compresses for a few minutes before you go out in the evening will do wonders for tired eyes, and relieve those little wrinkle areas around them.

Are you short on pep? Exercise in the morning—an early dip, a race along the shore, or a hike in the woods, if you're holidaying; a few toe-touching bends by the open window, if you're at home—and a brief rest after lunch will keep you feeling fit as a fiddle. Green salads and fruit in your diet are important. Tepid showers are better than cold ones, and hot tea is more refreshing than too many iced drinks. Your family will all feel and keep cooler if you and the menu are cool and inviting when they come home. Your boss will be easier to get along with if you keep away from too bright colors on sweltering afternoons. And that goes for make-up and nail polish as well as clothes.

Does the heat get you down? You can think yourself into an awful stew if you let your mind dwell on the weather. And your mental attitude can undo all the good work of cool clothes, proper food and fresh-looking make-up. Once you get into your coolest outfit, and are prepared to meet the heat, forget about it. The hotter you think it is, the hotter it seems to be. And the more uncomfortable you can make everyone around you.

Get set for midsummer! Take the sun in your stride. And you'll be singing, "Isn't it a lovely day!"—and meaning it! ☆



Great white daisies on a cool blue background make this (above) one of the season's freshest looking prints. Below, that band-box look is achieved for gay mid-summer evenings by wearing a crisp Heim gown in a washable fabric. For dinner, Howard Hodge suggests this saucer-brim, Arabian taffeta chapeau, with its fish net veil of Alaska gold. Finally, a cucumber-cool morning outfit . . . cloud white, tubable gloves and blouse . . . black tailored hat.



Hot Weather

Hazards



by Carolyn Damon

YOUR CLOTHES

Do your dresses wilt with the weather? Then see that your linens are the noncrushable kind, your cottons and organdies wrinkle-proof, and your sharkskin and other smooth-surfaced fabrics air-conditioned and heat resistant! It's worth getting good summer clothes that will stand up whatever the temperature. It's the sleazy, too-thin materials that get the dish-rag look at the end of a hot day.

Is grubbiness your problem? That fresh and spanking clean look is something you can achieve. Smooth-surfaced fabrics shed the dirt better than rough ones. Loosely woven fabrics are easier to clean than tight textured ones. Dark sheers with lingerie touches stay fresh all day—and are wiser for working girls than all-whites.

Should summer things wash? Completely—everything you wear, from stem to gudgeon, should be on brotherly terms with the tub. Get fine cotton or mesh lingerie—the kind you can rinse out without pressing—preferably white, and

frocks that are color-fast and washable. All the better celanoses are, these days—and those smart little pastel or deeper-toned summer suits ought to be. Even if nonwashable things look fresh, they aren't as fragrant with sun and wind as they ought to be. And by the way, hang everything you wash out-of-doors—give the radiator a rest these days. That goes for stockings too, which must be washed nightly. Don't make any lingerie do a second day. If in doubt about gloves, collars and cuffs, and such, the answer is always, "No, they won't do! Washing only takes a few minutes." Feeling clean from tip to toe has a lot to do with your ability to radiate freshness.

What colors are coolest? White beats them all for straight ability to shed the heat. But if you get too many bright red, blue, or green trimmings you spoil the laundered-daisy look. If you're older, or haven't too flawless a skin, or if you have to wear a frock from morning till night, you'll find the darker sheers more durable. Nothing like a black sheer for the business girl, with detachable white lingerie touches; or a deep blue or the new navy green for an older woman. With white or

Minna's holidays were sacred to her. A vacation to her was really a vacation. Helen couldn't remember that Minna had ever washed a dish in her house, either here or at the cabin. Sam did at times at the Lake, pinch-hitting for his wife.

At home Minna had a colored maid who came at noon to make the beds, do the shopping, take care of Winkie and cook the dinner, so that Minna could be free and rested to earn her thirty-five dollars a week as secretary with the Automobile Club.

Come along everybody! Turn the Galers out of their beds!

The idea was born that night when Helen was undressing for bed. It started growing after she got into bed. She played with it at first a little fearfully, then lovingly and tenderly. She didn't sleep that night very much, but she awakened in the morning, from what sleep she had had, more refreshed than she had felt for months.

She thought about it while she was mangling and ironing and putting the laundry away. Strangely enough when she finished the hard day, she wasn't as tired as usual. She felt as refreshed as she had in the morning.

"I'm not going to the Lake this summer, Jim," she said quite abruptly when they were getting ready for bed. "I'm going to stay here. I'm going to have my vacation here."

Jim looked at her indulgently from over the top of his paper. It took a few minutes and several repetitions of her statement before he put aside the paper.

Then he didn't understand, of course. She didn't expect him to understand.

"I need a rest, a vacation, so I'm going to take one all by myself."

"But the Lake is your vacation, just as it's mine. That's why we have the cabin. That's why—"

Helen shook her head, firmly.

"It isn't. It's a hotel to me. I want rest and peace for six weeks. I want to be by myself. I— I want to sleep until ten o'clock every morning, she continued to herself, maybe eleven. I want the house quiet. When I want to go out, I want to go. Get dressed and go. I don't want to think of any menus, or worry about who's coming in to dinner and whether we'll have enough food for the week-ends, with the stores closed in town.

I want to go to a movie sometimes in the afternoons, just say to myself, there's a show I'd like to see, and go. I want to learn to swim. I'm going to learn to swim. I'm going to take lessons.

Jim would think she was entirely mad if she said that to him. He would say, "Why, we have the Lake at our front door! You can learn to swim there!"

At night I want to read, and to sew a little for myself. Make up that hostess gown I started a year ago—

Her blue eyes didn't look so faded. They were bright, and her hair seemed a little brighter, too, not so drab looking.

And—she went on, still to herself—I'd like to go to the beauty shop and spend a whole afternoon there, get a facial, have the girl put up my hair like Molly's to see what it looks like. And every morning, I'd like to go downstairs, make my breakfast, carry

it back on a tray and eat it in bed. I would wear the bedjacket Laura made for me when David was born.

"If it's Minna, Helen, she doesn't have to come. You know that. I shouldn't have asked her without coming to you first." Jim was worried.

"It isn't Minna. It isn't anybody. It's simply that the Lake is too much for me this summer. It's good that Minna's going—she can take care of the children." Helen didn't laugh aloud when she said that, but she was laughing inside, her body rolling with laughter. Her eyes grew brighter. She looked in the dresser window and saw them shining. "Molly's old enough to see to the children, and Mark will be there, and you, Jim. I'll get everything together for you and order all the canned goods and see to the new linen, and—make out the work sheets."

"This is so crazy, Helen, and you never do crazy things!"

Jim didn't sleep that night, but Helen did.

The children didn't understand, either. But then, Helen didn't expect them to any more than she had Jim.

"But, mom, what will we do without you?" Molly wailed. "We can't get along!"

"Oh, yes you can. I'm changing the work sheets this summer. You and Doris will get the meals, under the supervision of Aunt Minna. Sue and her friend Josie will wash and wipe the dishes. You're all big children, now—" But she looked at the tears gathered in David's eyes and had her first qualm.

MINNA CALLED and said she had changed her plans about going to the cabin.

"Why, Helen, I can't take care of that mob of children! This is my vacation!"

They talked for half an hour, but in the end it was the same as it was in the beginning. Minna wasn't going unless Helen went. If Helen didn't go, she would go somewhere else, but she hated to spend the money at a hotel, because she and Sam were buying some bonds.

Mrs. Brokaw called, too, in person. She acted as if she had been cheated, and that Mrs. Galer was a thief. She couldn't think of letting Josie go to the Lake if Mrs. Galer didn't go.

The child had her heart set on going. She had cried all last night, and she had gone to school crying this morning. Mrs. Brokaw was even more indignant when she heard Mrs. Galer's sister-in-law wasn't going, either. Mrs. Galer didn't intend to leave her children unchaperoned for six weeks at the cabin?

"Their father will be there, and Molly is seventeen, Mrs. Brokaw. She'll be eighteen in November. Her friend, Doris, is eighteen."

Mrs. Brokaw stayed an hour, but Helen had guessed correctly. Josie was going to the Lake. Mrs. Brokaw reluctantly consented—although Helen had put forward no arguments.

"You might come and get us settled," Molly begged.

"You know how to get settled. You've watched the settling process for five years." Helen was getting the big box of linen ready to send off to Martindale. The boxes of canned goods had already gone.

"We're not going to have the motor. Aunt Minna won't let us," Ken

"HERE'S A MAN'S BREAKFAST EH, SON?"



Cream of Wheat, made in Canada from Canadian Wheat, comes only in this package.

YOU don't often see a picture like this — father and two-year-old both enjoying the same food. But that's the remarkable thing about Cream of Wheat! For 44 years doctors have agreed that here's one breakfast cereal that's good for everybody—babies, growing children, husky he-men!

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A BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EASY TO DIGEST

"HEY JOHNNY!
come on over"



And heedless of traffic, Johnny darts across

Children may be thoughtless . . . but much can be done to make streets and highways safer for them. Supervised playgrounds and recreation centers, proper traffic control and driver education are some of the activities which many communities have found helpful.

And in addition, parents can teach their children the necessity of good safety habits. Some of these should become almost instinctive. Children should—

Look left, then right, and if the road is clear *walk* across.

Obey the traffic lights.

Never step into the street from behind a parked automobile.

Keep to the left, facing the oncoming traffic, when walking along a country road.

Never run into the street or play in the roadway.

Motor accidents, drownings, the careless use of firearms and other mishaps will claim hundreds of young lives this year—a large number of them during the summer months . . . unless the children themselves know and practice the common rules of safety.

Not all accidents happen outdoors. Home accidents cause almost as many deaths and serious injuries among children as street and highway mishaps. If unsafe conditions,

which might cause accidents, exist in your home, removing them *now* may save you days or years of regret.

Safety Begins at Home

The Metropolitan booklet "How Safe is Home?" tells how to find the places where home accidents most frequently occur and how to guard against them. "Swimming and Life Saving" and "The Junior Safety Volunteer" are two other booklets that will help you teach your child to live safely. A post card will bring you all or any one of these free booklets . . . or use the coupon. Send for them today.

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Wonderful for the Children

Continued from page 5

David and this year, Josie. They were good children, all of them so willing, if you gave them time, but if they had the time they wanted the breakfast dishes would be done after dinner, and the outside shower would get cleaned after dark when it was a bit chilly for swimming, and the fun for the day was over.

In the end it would be just as easy for Helen, and far quicker, to sweep the porches herself, or to dust the living room, or to wash the dishes, or to run the carpet sweeper over the big grass rug in the living room.

Just a minute, mom. By the end of the six weeks Helen thought she would go mad if she heard that phrase once more, and yet when she heard it at home—it came very often at home, too—she didn't mind. It didn't irritate her. Perhaps it was because she didn't expect so much of her children when they were at home, and while attending school.

David wasn't as lax as the others. Sometimes she was sorry for him because he did so much for her, and he, the baby, too. But he was willing, and when he was at hand he tried to do what she told him, not because he wanted to make up for the others, but because she asked him to.

Helen loved the Lake. Since they had rented the cabin she had been going to learn to swim. Every year Jim said he would teach her. The first summer she bought a warm wool suit, but it was classed as an "extra" even that first year, the only "extra" the Galers had. There were many extras now—suits the children had outgrown, suits which had been left on the line, forgotten. The Galers could outfit a couple of dozen swimmers.

"Don't bother about suits, Jim and Helen have them all sizes. Don't bother about towels, either. Jim and Helen have them by the gross."

Jim and Helen, Jim and Helen . . . The Sunday last summer when forty had dropped in, and there was no ice because Mark had forgotten to go to town the day before. Jim was going to build a big picnic table in the grove of pines this year, and a barbecue, too. He was talking of buying the cabin if he could get old Fisher down low enough.

"It's just what we need, Helen. If it's ours we can make the improvements we want—slowly, of course. Put in an extra bathroom. Old Fisher won't do it even if we do have a ten-year lease. Make the kitchen larger, as you want it. Put in an electric line and a phone. Build a better pier. One improvement a year. Maybe we can build a sort of guest house at the back under the big fir to take care of the overflow, say one big room with about a dozen beds—a bath there, too. I always feel like a million dollars when I come back from the Lake."

And I feel like a wet dish rag, Helen thought.

Three dozen new bath towels this year, because the sand was hard on them and somehow they disappeared. Three dozen new tea towels, too, and two dozen new sheets because there hadn't been nearly enough last summer.

TOMORROW she couldn't shop because it was ironing day, Wednesday she would have to be in town all day buying utilities for the cabin, Thursday for the new things for the children. Bathing suits and trunks all around, slacks for the girls and sun suits—

"Doris is coming up Monday, mom." Molly put her books down on the table and reached for an apple. "She's coming by train. We'll meet her in town. The seven o'clock train. You don't think we could possibly jam her in with us? It would save her railroad fare. And we're going to take the two cars as usual."

"We couldn't."

Molly was seventeen. Next year she would be through high school. She was wearing her dark hair high on her head with two little black velvet ribbons holding up her curls.

"I can't wait, mom, neither can Doris." Her strong white teeth bit into the apple.

I can wait, Helen said to herself, grimly. I can wait forever.

"Billy's going to be there ahead of us!" Ken cried out when he dashed in just in time to sit down to dinner. "I can go with him, can't I, dad?" Ken was sixteen. He had been wanting a car of his own for months, ever since his friend, Billy, had bought one—a stripped-down sedan. He had been wanting to drive, too, for months.

Jim Galer was adamant about stripped-down cars and driving until his son was eighteen.

"No, and that's final, son." The argument had come up before. Every night for a week Ken had begged to go to the Lake in Billy's car.

"Minna's coming for a month." Jim turned to Helen. "She needs a rest and the office has given her an extra two weeks. I told her I'd give her my bed, and she could bunk in with you."

"I'll sleep out on the porch with the boys. The poor kid has been feeling rotten for months. She'll be up with Sam Saturday afternoon, as soon as they can make it."

"Good," Molly exclaimed. "She'll bring her banjo and we can have music every night."

"Boy!" Ken whistled. "She'll bring the outboard and we can have it all summer instead of just week-ends."

"She'll bring Winkie," Sue joined in, happily. Winkie was Aunt Minna's Pekinese. "And I can take care of him!"

"Tell her to bring Uncle Sam's gun, dad!" David begged.

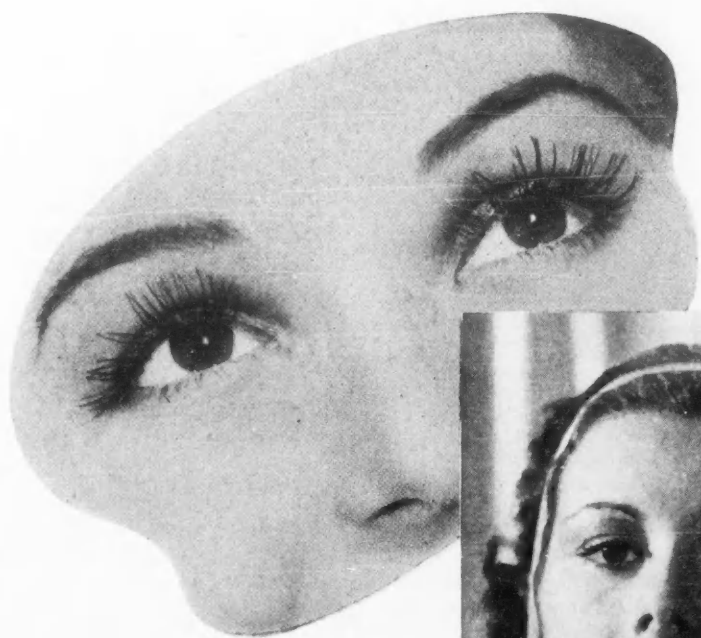
Only Helen said nothing, but there was a strained smile on her soft lips as she tried to eat her dinner. She heard the chatter at the table, the eager plans, and she was thinking as she half listened, that she didn't want Minna at the cabin for a month, that she didn't want her boat motor, that she didn't want Winkie, who was almost as bad as a baby in diapers, that above all she didn't want the gun Minna would surely bring. Minna with Sam for week-ends was bad enough. Minna for a month, even if she was Jim's only sister, would be awful. Sleeping with her night after night, Winkie with them. Doing for her all day long, for in the fashion of women in business

BEAUTY CULTURE



A DEPARTMENT OF
STYLE, HEALTH
AND PERSONALITY

by ANNABELLE LEE



An Eye for Beauty

HAVE YOU ever checked to see just how much time you give to the proper care of your eyes? It's a strange fact that although the eyes themselves, and the skin around them, are the most delicate features we have, most women rarely bother with them—yet abuse them daily. Overwrought nerves show first in the regions about your eyes. So do the results of improper diet; of reading by poor light; of driving through the sunshine without dark glasses; of playing in the sun for hours without eye shades; of going without glasses when you should have them.

As with every beauty care, cleanliness is of the greatest importance. Your eyes should have a daily bath. Use one of the refreshing eye lotions, or some of the drops, specially prepared to give your eyes the greatest comfort. Some women use a pinch of salt in warm water, or a boracic acid solution—two teaspoonfuls to a pint of boiled water. Use an eye-cup, or one of the special droppers which are so inexpensive.

After make-up, remove the powder from the eyelids and from immediately beneath the eyes. A little vaseline, some of your favorite cream, or one of the scientifically prepared beauty aids will give you that lustrous shiny look which gives such added beauty to your eyes.

If the telltale lines are beginning to creep around your eyes, use a good nourishing cream for them every night. Feed them oil—and more oil. Do it very gently. Experts crook the first finger and press the cream or oil gently into the lids, starting near the nose and working outward above the eyes—and inward across the lower lids. Remove in the morning with a pad dipped in your favorite astringent. Frequent bathing with cold water helps to keep them fresh. Make sure that the lather of your soap is worked gently into the skin about your eyes. Many women are very careless about this and would be shocked to know the ☆ *Continued on next page*



Apply eye shadow to the very edge of the eyelids and smooth away into the brows.



Eye-brow pencil gives a natural darkened effect to your brows. Apply it to the hairs only.



A touch of eye-brow pencil at the edge of the upper lids adds a dramatized note.



In applying mascara to the lashes, brush upward and apply more heavily at outer edges.

Some Call it Luck



I say it's Luck

.... and such Luck

—to find a sanitary napkin like Kotex with its patented pressed ends that fit flatly and so end that dreadful, bulky feeling. And besides you've no idea what a difference it makes when your napkin doesn't shift, bunch or chafe.



I say it isn't

What's Lucky about it?

—using Kotex Sanitary Napkins is just plain good sense because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue, that one after another absorb and distribute moisture throughout the napkin and check that striking through in one spot.



*I say—
you're both right*

The Truth of it is . . .

—aren't we all lucky to have Kotex? Until Kotex made 3 sizes we had to cut and adjust our napkins to suit our varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for any woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

Only Kotex has 3 types

Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins—in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex*—in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex*—in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

*Better Say Kotex—
Better for You*



KOTEX*
SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg.)

mourned. "I called her, and Sam is afraid we'll wreck it if she's not there."

David didn't say anything about the gun. He hadn't said much the last couple of days.

Helen packed their clothes and packed the big car, and at eight o'clock Saturday morning she saw them off. There was an extra mattress on top of the car, suitcases piled on the side luggage carriers, four new beach chairs fastened above the back trunk. David was sitting in front with his father. He looked frightened, they all looked a little frightened, Helen thought, even Jim. She kissed them again, but her arms clung longer around David. She could feel him tremble as his cheek pressed against hers.

While she stood waving and watching the car pull away, there were tears in her eyes. Once she thought of running after them—Jim was going so slowly—to tell them she would go. She didn't, though, she waited on the curb for quite awhile after they were out of sight, then she went into the house to get the disorder of the packing quickly out of the way. As the time went on, she thought of them and where they would be.

Eight-thirty, pulling out of town onto the open road, nine o'clock, Compton, nine-thirty, if the car went smoothly, Rhodes Crossing, ten-thirty, Livermore, and then up the grade to the mountains. Quarter of twelve, Martindale if Jim was lucky. Noon, the cabin and the picnic lunch she had prepared with the hot thermos of coffee for Jim and Ken and Molly, and the cold thermos of chocolate milk for Sue and David.

She didn't sleep very well that night, and when she looked at the clock the next morning, it was eleven. She leisurely drank three cups of coffee in bed and read the morning paper through before she bathed and dressed. She napped some more that afternoon, and more the following afternoon.

Sunday night, Jim called from Martindale. Helen was just leaving the house for a drive. Things were in an awful mess, he said. They couldn't possibly get along without her, she'd have to come up. There weren't any pillowslips with the linen, there wasn't one bath towel, and she had forgotten to put in the soap; Molly and Doris couldn't make decent pancakes, and besides they had no syrup. The stove was acting up, and his fishing boots were missing.

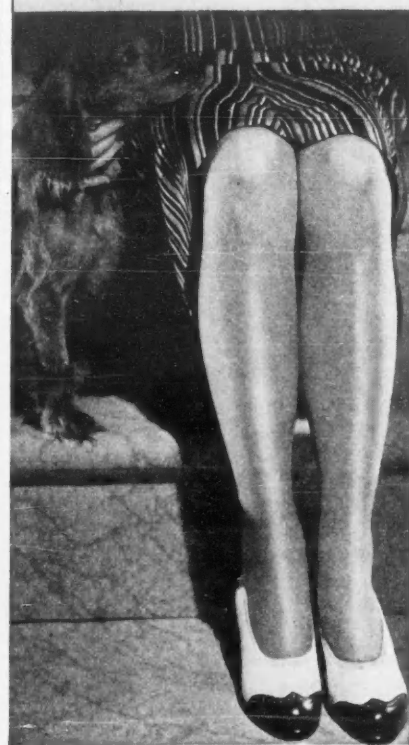
Helen explained where the slips and the towels could be found. She said Molly must have overlooked the soap—she had sent a case as usual, and there was a case of syrup, in cans this year instead of bottles. His fishing boots were in the new oilskin sack she had made for them, with his tackle. He should remember that if the pressure tank were properly pumped every morning, the stove wouldn't act up. It was a good stove as gasoline stoves went. She couldn't possibly come.

Molly called Monday morning, also from Martindale, before Helen was up. She was frantic. They couldn't get water into the house. Her father was out fishing.

Helen listened to the lamentations. At least once or twice each summer the water pump stuck, always when

☆ Continued on page 22

You can't hide your legs!



UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY with New Cream

Up go skirts this season, up near the knee . . . fashion says "17 inches from the ground." That means the spotlight is on your legs . . . so keep them glamorous. Do as millions of women do . . . remove ugly hair the easy NEET way.

You just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then you rinse it off with water . . . and the hair disappears "like magic." Gentle NEET removes hair from forearms, too—leaves skin baby-smooth.



NEET leaves your
legs like velvet

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

When you use NEET, there are no pointed, wire-like stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause stocking runs . . . and no risk of cuts or razor-roughened skin. Play suits, beach wear and summer dresses demand smooth, hair-free arms and legs. Get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all 15-cent counters.

NEET Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair



K A Y M U R P H Y ' S



Fashion Shorts

★ COMING DOWN to the Fair? I hope so . . . you'll see things, take it from me! Almost as good as a trip round the world! But don't tote along too many clothes. A tailored suit, with a couple of dainty little blouses . . . some sort of a warmish coat (for we have chilly days and nights here, too, even in midsummer) . . . one or two dark silks, probably one print, a sheer black or navy for informal "dress up" wear and maybe a little evening dress.

Don't bring along many, if any, frocks that require a great deal of laundering or pressing, and tuck in a small travelling iron—you'll bless it many's the time.

Down here in New York, in mid-summer, the smarter women wear dark, sheer costumes, with white or light-colored accessories. You'll find this type of dress grand for Fair days, and I suggest you leave your large hats at home; the "World of Tomorrow" already has a windy reputation!

Unless your New York friends go in for night clubbing, evening dresses will just be in the way. It's wiser to start out in the morning with the sort of outfit that will take you through the day, dinner, theatre and late supper.

Of course you'll want to buy a few things while here, but don't plan on getting your whole outfit here. Shopping in a large city, unless you know the ropes, can be a hardship and you're apt to end up with things you don't want, and fashions that don't want you either!

So do the bulk of your shopping at home, where you know your shops and your shops know you.

And for goodness sake bring along a pair of shoes that have already become acquainted with all your toes. For the success of your trip may very well depend on the comfort of your feet.

☆☆

YES, BLACK or dark navy sheers, with white or pastel accents, are again summer news. But don't overdo the light-colored trimming. A mere dash of white is much more effective (and takes less laundering!) than slathers of it.

Gingham suits, for town wear, is

summer news that is crisp and refreshing. And we're also seeing fingertip coats of gingham—a cooling little style.

Paris and New York are reviving shantung silk for both dresses and summer coats. Saw a striking full-length fitted coat, with collar and cuffs of black velvet. Inexpensive, cool, yet gorgeous.

Another trim little summer style is the shirtwaist dress of polka-dotted silk. Grand for travelling and town wear.

White piqué continues to be favored for summer fashions and stays in the running from early morning until another dawn. Street, afternoon and evening dresses use this trim little fabric gleefully, and the gals over in Paris are wearing full-length evening wraps of it.

☆☆

MY! I'M astounded how practical we are all becoming. So many of us are running up dresses, housecoats and the like. Patterns seem so easy to follow nowadays, and fabrics by the yard are so pretty, that it's a shame not to try your hand. Some gals are going in for home-sewing, rather than bridge, right down here in little ol' New York . . . Lots of fun, and things to show for it, too!

☆☆

THE PLAY suit is making inroads on the slack theme, although of course we'll always wear slacks, especially for active sports. However, slacks are not becoming to many of us, and the play suit brings out the best of us all. The full, pleated short, to wear with the play suit, is most flattering.

Stripes go on their gay way, appearing any time of the twenty-four hours. A striped chiffon dress, in the darker tones, is eminently practical for a long summer's day, when heaven alone knows where the moon will find one.

Flowers in your hair . . . all summer long. If you want an extra special evening headdress, pin a couple of posies in your hair, then top it off with a flowing veil. Many of the youngsters are dolling themselves up like this as early as the cocktail hour. ☆

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE NEW IMPROVED PALMOLIVE?



We tried it... We liked it...
so will you!



"I must say I like the new improved Palmolive. Its lather seems even gentler than before. Yet it cleanses my skin perfectly, without the slightest irritation."

Joanne Patterson
138 Braemar Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario.

"My skin is sensitive and I've got to be careful what I use on it. The extra mild lather of your soap seems to suit it perfectly. Truly, Palmolive soothes and softens my skin without the slightest irritation."

Sarah Phelps
24 Prince Arthur St.,
St. Lambert, Que.



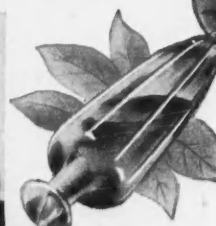
You'll like the new improved Palmolive because it's gentler on your skin . . . helps keep it soft and lovely, without the slightest irritation. And the new Palmolive perfume is truly delightful. And now Palmolive's firmer, lasts longer, saves you money.

Get three cakes of the new improved Palmolive. You'll be thrilled to see how quickly it brings to all your skin a fresher, lovelier, longer-lasting youthfulness.

"I've never found another soap at any price that's as good for my skin as the new improved Palmolive. It cleanses perfectly, without the slightest irritation."

Phyllis Carter

2159 Tupper Street, Montreal, Que.



Try the New
GIANT
Thrill Size

Try the New Improved Palmolive
Milder, New Perfume, Lasts Longer



BUT JIMMIE—TELL MOTHER! WHATEVER MADE YOU DO SUCH A NAUGHTY THING?

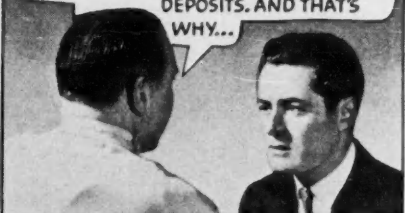


WELL, AUNT MARY SAID MR. REED WAS NICE—ONLY HE OUGHTA GO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH—SO I TOLD HIM!



MR. REED TAKES JIMMIE'S TIP

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



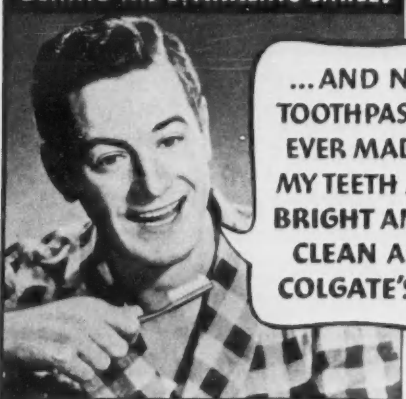
"COLGATE'S special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

BOY! THIS GLOVE'LL KNOCK THE TEAM'S EYES OUT, MR. REED! I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY UNCLE!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



* For those who prefer it, Colgate's Tooth Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large tin 20c.

amount of actual dirt accumulated in this section of the skin.

Thank goodness the days of the wispy eyebrows are gone. Experts have realized that the natural line of the eyebrows, trimmed to smoothness, means far more to the appearance of the face than the too-plucked skimpiness of former years. When you brush your brows, first of all brush the hairs straight up, from the nose out to the end. Then smooth them into line, and pluck out any offending hairs which may tend to spoil the smooth line of beauty.

If your eyebrows lack color, apply it with an eyebrow pencil. Be very careful to apply the pencil to the hairs alone and not to the skin underneath. Some specialists in applying the eyebrow pencil brush the hair the wrong way, darken it with the pencil, brush the brow into proper lines again—and use the pencil again. This gives a natural look.

Eye shadows have gone in for very subtle and beautiful colors, and you have a myriad choices in browns, greys, violets, silvers, various blues, purples, and the enchanting iridescent shades for evening. Many women find the make-up kits keyed to the color of their eyes very useful. Otherwise, women with blue eyes favor the blue shades; brown eyes can wear brown tints; hazel, the green or brown. Experiment a bit till you get the shade that does most for your own eyes. Apply it very carefully and deftly,

remembering that it is to give depth to the color of your eyes and serve as a background for your lashes. Use it darkly at the very edge of your eyes and fade it away to the brows—very lightly. You want to feel eye shadow more than you see it. Beauty experts do not apply any beneath the eyes. Use it darkest, too, at the outer edge of the eyes to give them more width.

Don't stick to black mascara alone. Blondes should use a light brown—and the average person a medium brown. On some girls a blue mascara is devastating in the evening. In either the liquid or the cake form, mascara is easily applied once you have practiced a bit, and the good qualities are all scientifically safe and are now tear-proof, waterproof, and nonsmearing. If you notice some of your lashes falling out—remember that we have new growth here quite often, and that it is natural for some of the older hairs to fall out. In applying mascara, brush the lashes upward, and use on the upper fringe with none on the lower—unless it is to darken light tips. Too much mascara, of course, gives a hard look. Apply it as the directions show—and use it lightly.

By a little intelligent interest you can add a great deal to the effective beauty of your eyes. As is the case with so much beauty culture these days, it requires only your time and care, and the use of simple beauty aids prepared to help you look your prettiest. ☆

Just Like a Gypsy...



Photograph at left courtesy the Import Salon, T. Eaton Company Limited. Photograph below courtesy Robert Simpson Company Limited.



Maybe you won't go this far—but you'll find the vagabond influence in summer evening things hard to resist.

Here, for instance, is the Romany spirit at its gayest—in the circle, Chanel's gypsy dress with its rainbow-rippled skirt in striped silk and fine white blouse, wedded with a wide velvet cummerbund. The head kerchief matches the skirt.

Gertrude Lawrence wears the mad polka-dotted outfit for what she calls "little evenings." We'd say it promised big moments, though. It's brown and white with a hood that drops back into a graceful scarf.

Right, a gay dinner dress with Romany blouse and voluminous navy taffeta skirt.

Almost Crippled With Rheumatism

Improved Greatly When He Tried Kruschen

There has just come to our notice a case of grand relief from severe rheumatic pains. The seriousness of the man's condition and the step that led to his ultimate recovery, are described in the following letter:—

"For several years I suffered from rheumatism. I had all my teeth out, and still suffered. A year ago I lay in hospital for fourteen weeks, almost crippled. When I got home I continued to take medicine, but began to go down again. A friend of mine asked me to try Kruschen Salts, and I am very pleased to be able to say I have been on the mend ever since."—H.P.

Two of the salts in Kruschen are the most effectual solvents of uric acid known to medical science. They swiftly dull the sharp edges of the crystals—the cause of pain and stiffness—and often convert them into a harmless solution, which is then expelled through the natural channels.



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory
REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent
SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters



Relieves Pain Instantly. Stops Pressure On Sensitive Spot Almost Like Magic!

It's here! A new way to instant relief from painful bunions, tender or enlarged joints and other foot irritations—with New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Entirely different in design and texture. 630% softer! These soothing, healing Kuratex cushioned pads of fleecy softness lift pressure off the sensitive spot almost like magic. The thin SEAL-TIP scalloped edge molds pad to contour of toe. Don't stick to stocking or come off in bath. Large box only 35¢ at Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Sizes for Bunions, Corns, Callouses, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today!

NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

The Lake road was of dirt and the little car bounded over every rut. Helen's teeth were chattering, her hands were numb from gripping the wheel. The last five miles were the longest, and then she saw the Lake golden with the sunset, the trees that grew right down to its sandy girdle tipped with gold, too. The air was thin here. It cut sharply into her lungs.

She lost the lake as she turned into the cabin road. Someone was standing on the back porch.

"David!" she cried. There was a shrill whistle, and the long blue denim clad legs rushed down the rickety steps. "Mom!" David's arms were around her, and hers were around him. There was a clatter of more footsteps down the stairs, and Jim's arms taking her away from David's.

"He's all right, Helen. There's nothing the matter with him but a cut finger. It was all a plot of the kids to get you here. I didn't know it till an hour ago. Ken and Molly thought it was such a fine scheme—I went right in town to call you, but you'd left, of course—"

"I was going to tell you it wasn't serious, mom," Ken said, shamefaced, "but you hung up before I could. You hung up before I could hardly tell you anything. I called back, too, but couldn't get an answer."

Molly was pinning Helen's hair back into place.

"We're not quite ready for dinner. You came before we expected you."

"It's going to be a party, Mom!" Sue shouted, dancing up and down. "I made a cake and Josie made some ice cream, and we've got roast chicken, and place cards!"

"We've got everything organized," Molly's lips brushed her mother's forehead, "so that you aren't going to lift a hand. That's why we wanted you to come and really see how we can manage things."

"You won't believe it until you see us in action, Aunt Helen." Mark pushed forward eagerly. "Molly cracks the big whip, and we all fall into line. She's the captain. I'm the first lieutenant and Doris is my top sergeant. We've got it all worked out pat by the army system."

"I'm a corporal," David said, proudly. "I didn't write you that I was because it was part of the game that we wouldn't tell you. We were going to surprise you. I started in the ranks, but I worked up. Josie's the only one who hasn't worked up yet."

Helen kissed them all. She looked under the soiled bandage on David's right little finger. The cut was healing nicely. There was still a queer sick feeling in her, but it lessened as she went through the kitchen and smelled the fine aroma of roasting chickens. Sure enough, there were place cards on the dining-room table and little favors wrapped by every place. A bunch of yellow and gold marigolds for a centerpiece. More heaped up on the buffet. In her room on the dresser was a bouquet of wild flowers. They all trooped after her into the little room.

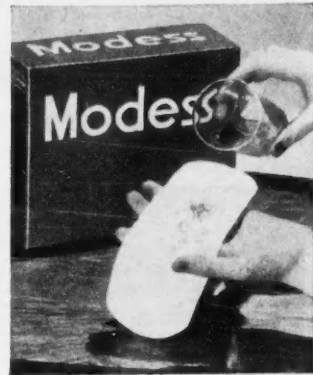
"You're our first real guest, mom," Ken announced importantly. "That is, since we organized our regiment, and you're going to be the only one we'll have. The rest we draft right away—that's my job. I'm draft sergeant." ☆ Continued on next page

Kitty had a "go home" complex

Kitty can be balky as a mule sometimes! Just as we were coming out of the movies, Steve drove up in his new roadster with Freddy and Joe and Mary Devine. They had some swell new dance records and were going over to Joe's house to play them. Naturally, I wanted to go along. But not Kitty! She was in one of her "go home" moods . . . and she was hardly even polite.



Well—I was pretty peeved! "Kitty," I said, as we walked on, "what makes you act so queer? One minute you're the life of the party . . . and the next, a regular stick-in-the-mud!" "I know," she mumbled, "but I can't help worrying at certain times of the month. Think how embarrassing . . . how horrible, if . . ." "Listen," I interrupted: "I can guarantee to cure that go-home complex in one lesson!"



So—when we got to my house, I made her come in. First I explained she could have peace of mind with Modess. Then I showed her why! I got some water and dropped it on the moisture-resistant backing from a Modess pad—and she saw, with her own eyes, how safe Modess is!



"It's wonderful! I'll feel so safe now," she beamed. "Yes—and you'll be more comfortable, too," I added, "because Modess is a 'fluff-type' napkin." Then I showed her the soft, fluffy Modess filler—so different from napkins made of close-packed layers! "Yet Modess costs no more," I told her.



Well—it was Kitty herself who insisted on going back to Joe's! The crowd was still there when we arrived . . . and did we have a marvellous time! Kitty was her old "life-of-the-party" self again . . . and, believe me, when Joe's mother invited us to stay on for a pick-up supper, I didn't hear a peep out of Kitty about having to go home! Modess certainly cured that complex, all right . . . just as I knew it would!

Modess Softer! Safer!

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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39¢ a jar

Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars

ARRID



15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

Worthy of Admiration... Gleaming White Kid Shoes...

"Shoe Store" beauty comes quickly back to white shoes when you use Meltonian White Kid Cleaner. Easy to apply, this English treatment renews the original lustre without streaking—and it won't rub off! 25 cents for the generous-sized bottle—at good stores from coast to coast.

MELTONIAN WHITE KID CLEANER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO KING GEORGE VI



Wonderful for the Children

Continued from page 18

Jim was away on the Lake and the boys were away, too. Patiently, she told Molly what to do, and how to prime the cock, for the apparatus was old fashioned. Patiently she explained the principle of the system which put water in the bathroom and in the faucets of the kitchen and the shower.

"Besides, Molly, you're in Martindale. You can take Mr. Glass back with you." Glass was the one Martindale plumber.

HELEN STARTED her swimming lessons that afternoon. The first lesson she learned to dip her face in the water, open her eyes and look down at the bottom of the pool. She learned to breathe when she lifted her face, take a deep breath, hold it and look down at the wavy tile of the pool. She did that for half an hour. It was fun. She paddled around in the warmish water for an hour after her lesson, not taking a stroke, but practicing what she had learned about breathing. She had always been afraid to get her face under water before.

The next lesson she learned how to take a few strokes and how to work her feet, and she took two or three strokes alone. She wasn't afraid.

The third lesson she could cross the width of the pool with great effort. But she was proud of herself. She was forty years old and she was swimming for the first time in her life. By the end of six weeks, she thought she might be diving. The instructor thought so, too, she was getting on so well. She took a lesson every afternoon.

"You have a fine build for a swimmer, Mrs. Galer, and a fine sweep of motion. You should have learned long ago—in your teens."

Jim was going to teach me when we were married, she thought. He always has been going to teach me.

After some of the lessons she would go into the rubbing rooms and get a massage, and her body would glow and separate from her mind. Her mind free, would glow, too, and sail aloft. Somehow there would be a third part of her seeing the mind and seeing the body, watching them like a bystander.

For hours at a time she wouldn't think of the cabin, and then letters postmarked Martindale would bring it back. They wrote, all of them. Jim, letters that he missed her and didn't know how they were going to get through the summer without her. Molly, Sue, even Ken wailing at her absence. David's quiet lines with so much misspelling—he would never learn to spell—and his constant wish that she were with them. Doris wrote a note, and Mark, and there was a postscript from Josie in one of Sue's letters. Molly called Josie, "the brat" in her letters which were confidential.

TWO WEEKS went by, three. Helen could swim the length of the tank several times, she could dive off the first platform, not in good form yet, but she was learning. Each time she tried she didn't make such a big splash, and she didn't go so flat. Three inches was gone from her waistline, and she was down to one hundred and twenty pounds, exactly her weight when she

and Jim had been married. She hadn't thought about her waistline and her weight when she started swimming, but she was glad she had reduced. She felt better than she had for years.

The end of the third week, formal invitations started coming from the children, written in English script panned, she suspected, by one of the Graham boys.

Mrs. James David Galer is invited to spend her holidays at Fisher Cabin on Austin Lake. R.S.V.P.

She sent regrets, worded formally, but there was an invitation in every mail, morning and afternoon. The same each time. Jim wrote informally, and urged her to come. They were managing very well and she would really be a guest. He thought he understood now why she hadn't come.

She smiled at his letter and wept a little, and wrote back that she wouldn't come.

The end of the fourth week, she came into the house with her hair done up like Molly's, an old-fashioned barrette at the back to hold up the scolding locks, and two amber side combs assisting the barrette. She felt top heavy, giddy, as she went to answer the blasting telephone. It was Ken in Martindale. His voice was excited, and the connection was bad. She didn't get all he said, but she got enough. David had been hurt. Dad thought she ought to come right away. The rest was a blur and a buzz.

She didn't wait to pack, she didn't pick up the hat she had put on the chair, she didn't check the locks on the doors, she didn't take in the milk from the back porch. She got into the old coupé and started. While the tank was being filled with gas at Compton she thought she'd go crazy. She laid her head down on the wheel and prayed. When she found a detour five miles out of Rhodes Crossing she swore. All the time she was thinking of David, seeing the tears in his eyes when the car pulled away, feeling the warm pressure of his cheek against hers, reading again in her mind the letters he had written. She was going fifty miles an hour, all the coupé could do. She wished it could make one hundred.

The side combs fell from her hair and the barrette loosened. The carefully made curls were hanging limply on her shoulders.

"David—"

"I never should have stayed at home. I should have been with them—with David, watching him." The new tree house he was building. Had he fallen from there? She thought of a thousand things that might have happened.

IT WAS five-thirty when she got to Martindale. She thought as she turned down the main street that she could stop and see Doctor Rollins. Find out what had happened, for Jim would have called him. He was the only doctor in town. She didn't stop, though she was half turned down his street when she wheeled around and went up the hill road to the Lake. Eight miles more—she could make it in a few minutes. Rollins might be gone and she couldn't waste a minute.

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Blame Yourself!



THIS YEAR DO YOUR MOTH-PROOFING RIGHT! USE LARVEX!



Larvex this year to keep woollen clothing and rugs and furniture safe from moths. You'll save both money and bother and stop moth damage cold!

Moths will not eat Larvexed wool. Larvex is simple to use, has no odor, requires no wrapping or packing. When bought by the gallon, Larvex is so cheap that a man's 3-piece suit can be protected for less than 28¢.

Just spray liquid Larvex on wool clothes and furniture according to instructions. It's easy with the Larvex hand sprayer, still easier with the power sprayer on your vacuum cleaner. Then rinse blankets and washables in Rinsing Larvex and the job's all done, and done right!



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LARVEX

IS QUICK, CHEAP, SURE

YES, SIR! FLEAS CARRY WORMS!



There's more to the flea than his bite! He carries certain worm eggs. "Show them no mercy!" I tell the Master. So he gets Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA POWDER that really kills them all! And that borated powder soothes all the old itches.



SKIP-FLEA SOAP kills 'em too! Get both POWDER and SOAP at drug and pet stores—and your free Sergeant's DOG BOOK (or write Sergeant's, 167 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.).

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES



ATTRACTIVE ECONOMICAL DURABLE NEAT

Cash's Woven Names FOR MARKING LINENS AT YOUR DEALER'S OR J. & J. CASH INC.

19 GRIER STREET BELLEVILLE, ONT

Maybe we can get on the boat with Franklin and Margaret."

Everett lifted his eyes. A vision floated before them, brilliant in the bare room; a boat deck, a sunny sea, a group of people in summer flannels, gay, carefree, laughing together; in this group were Franklin, Margaret, his father, and—himself.

He slid off the desk, looked at his father, remembered his mother standing just so, saying, "We can't make you love us, if you don't. But he did. But what could you do about it? He could say something. "That would be swell!" he said.

AT HOME, Anthony was standing by the window in Everett's study. He was standing in the sunlight of the open window looking at some photographs, and his hair, rumpled from his hand, caught the sun and held it. As Everett came in, springily, his face alight, his shoulders firm, Jerry leaping at his heels, his brother felt a shock of surprise.

"Gosh, Eve!" he said.

"What?"

"I mean—it just came to me—we really are brothers. You know what I mean?"

Everett stopped where he was, and looked at Anthony. "Brothers?" he said, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Why I mean—seeing you come in there—I recognized myself. You know—blood's thicker than what have you. Look at these, Eve. Isn't she a beauty? Pete and I are buying her. Sailing her to Bermuda."

Everett came over to the window, taking the photographs, trying to focus his eyes on them over an inner turbulence. It was a small sloop, slim and graceful, under sail.

"She is a beauty."

"Touched the Paterfamilias for my share last night. Swell fella, dad, what? He's feeling awfully steamed up these days about being a parent. Mother says you and he are teaming up together this summer. Gosh, Eve, I hope you'll like it. You always were a bit of a sucker. I mean, mother could always sort of put the spot on you. But say—this business about Franklin—say, that's swell. That's waving your shirt in the air. Because Franklin's a hardheaded old bozo; you can't fool him just by being his nephew. Gosh, Eve—" Anthony came to a dead stop.

What, in heaven's name, Tony, are you trying to say? thought Everett. Anthony's tongue, running on, seemed to have no connection with that odd embarrassed look in his eyes as they looked at Everett, then looked away, then looked back again.

"Gosh, Eve, looking at you has got me to thinking. Here's you, see, you've got a job, you know what you're going to do. And here's me, just going off in a sailboat. That's all right for this summer, maybe. And maybe not, at that. I'm through college, now. And what am I? A pole vaulter. Nobody's going to have any illusions about my being worth any more educating. Not even mother. And now what am I going to do? With you away next year, I can't stick around in this mausoleum. As long as you were here—" Anthony paused. "Gosh, Eve! Just that little time you were in the hospital—" Anthony had stayed in this room all that week, his mother had said. He



NOBODY'S SWEETHEART BECAUSE SHE'S NOT SWEET

"She needs a long-lasting Deodorant"

ONE THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE"

Dorothy Dix



SHE spends hours grooming herself for an important evening and yet neglects the one essential to long-lasting daintiness!

She hasn't learned that every girl needs a long-lasting deodorant—one that cannot wash off in a bath or fail you after tennis, an afternoon of shopping, or one or two dances.

You may think because you start out sweet, you'll stay sweet. You may think you don't perspire enough to matter. Every girl does . . . after exercise, when you're nervous or excited—just when you need to make your best impression!

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If you don't believe it, smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off tonight. You may discover why no one calls you "sweetheart."

You'll understand, too, why so many thousands of women rely on

Liquid Odorono to guard their feminine appeal. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days. Perspiration can't collect on your dress and grow more offensive every time you wear it!

Perspiration is simply diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. A doctor's prescription, a true perspiration check—Liquid Odorono scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining.

Easy to Use

Two applications of Liquid Odorono a week are usually enough. No dread of dampness or offensive perspiration odor for as much as three days!

No fear of ruining your favorite frocks with ugly stains. How easy that makes it to be dainty every day, all day!

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.



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as in Canada, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

Statements concerning the effects of the "skin vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.



"We had a meeting this afternoon and you're even going to get your breakfasts in bed!" Sue screamed. "Just write out your menu and give it to me. I've got the breakfast shift tomorrow!"

Jim's voice rose loudly above the others.

"Clear out and get a bathing suit for

your mother! She's going to have her first swimming lesson before dinner." He turned to Helen. "Aren't you, dear?"

"Yes," she replied, not hearing what he said. She was looking at David. He must have grown two inches in the four weeks since she had seen him. It was wonderful, here, for the children. ✱

The Other Brother

Continued from page 11

He crossed to them, swiftly, sure of his welcome. Alison looked up, and he wished he could be sure what that look in her eyes had been before it turned merely to pleasant welcome.

"Why, Big Brother!" she said. "Has somebody left you money?"

"Just that. This morning. My Uncle Franklin has offered me a teaching fellowship in his department. A thousand dollars. No, it's not nepotism. Far from it." Then he looked at Joan, and surprise sobered his own eyes. "Why Joan! Have you been sick? I hadn't realized till now—but where have you been? Home? Been sick? I didn't know. You see," Everett laughed a little, "I've become so spoiled with being visited and hand-shook that—Did you know I'd been drowned and resurrected again?"

He looked from one to the other. Joan was just staring at him, looking very queer. He said, a little awkwardly, "You did know I'd been drowned, didn't you?"

Swiftly Joan rose. For a moment Everett could have sworn there was panic in her eyes, and then, most astonishingly, there were tears. Was all the world in tears this morning?

Joan said, in a choked voice, "Yes, I knew," and started across the campus.

He looked after her, startled. Then, carried away by some compulsion he could not explain—it couldn't be that Joan had any need of him—he ran after her, and caught her arm. She was crying.

"Joan, what is it? Have I done something?"

"No!" Then she looked at him, and through her tears her eyes were pleading. "Were you making fun of me, Everett?"

"I? Making fun of you? Joan!"

She was staring at him. The tears were clearing from her eyes, and she was asking him something, humbly; begging him—what?

"You mean," she said, "that you really were asking me if I knew about your—accident?"

"But of course I was!"

"You mean—But don't you remember that I was there?"

Everett spread his hands. "I'm sorry. I remember now. But I had forgotten. I don't quite know what seems to be the matter, Joan. I can see something is. Won't you tell me?"

Joan came close to him, searching his eyes. Her eyes puzzled him. He had never seen Joan's eyes so closely before. He had never, when it came to that, seen Joan anything like this.

"Haven't you heard," said Joan, "how I didn't dive in? And that that's why you nearly drowned?"

"No," said Everett. "I hadn't heard. Tony dived in. There were lots of men there. Why should you? What, in heaven's name, Joan, is the matter

with you?" Because Joan was again in tears.

And then Joan said, astonishingly, "Oh, I love you, Everett! I do—I love you!" And putting her arms around his neck, there, in the open grass, in front of a lot of miscellaneous students and hundreds of windows, she kissed him, before she ran away across the campus.

He looked back at Alison. Would she kid him? But Alison was sitting watching him, he could have sworn, wistfully. He didn't want to leave her. Not now, not ever. But he mustn't think about that. He called, "Be seeing you," and turned away.

HE ENTERED his father's office with assurance, giving his father a bright shock of pleasure because he seemed, in his white flannels and with that look on his face, so marvellously alive. And to have Everett alive would always, now, be something real.

Everett threw down the letter in front of his father, and sat on his desk, swinging his feet. "Think of that!" he said, as his father finished.

His father looked up. "Going to do it?"

"Am I going to do it! I'm going to telephone them in another minute. And I'm going to tell them another thing, too. That I'm not going abroad with them this summer."

His father sat back in his chair. "Not going abroad! Why not?"

"Oh—" Everett grinned at his father. "I thought I'd just stick around—with you and mother."

His father smiled at him, a deep humorous smile. "Come, my dear boy. I'm easily hoodwinked, to be sure. I have been educated by a great many students. But all the same you can't fool your father quite that much. What's up?"

Everett laughed. He leaned forward and shook his father's arm. "I don't really want to fool you. It's just—mother let out about you—you and me, going abroad this summer. Why, dad! To go abroad with you would be like—Why, I'd rather go with you than—" Everett stopped suddenly, and his head lifted. "Why, I'd rather spend a summer with you, like that, than with anyone in the world"—except Alison, his mind said automatically; but that was different.

"Everett," James Marbury came from behind his desk, and stood beside his son, his hand on his shoulder. Everett looked into his eyes. They were of a height, he and his father. His mouth twisted suddenly. His eyes fell. His father mustn't see there were tears in them.

James Marbury cleared his own throat. "Then we'll do it," he said. "I'll have Miss Carson see to bookings."

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right. But go away. Go away for tonight anyway. I just don't want to see you tonight!"

A sob broke out of Alison. But she wasn't crying. She was laughing. And she was waving her hands, in a kind of startled futile effort to get to him.

He was backing off. "No—go away! You're marrying Tony—"

"But I'm not marrying Tony! I'm not!"

"You are. You said so. Now go away!" Everett stopped where he was. He felt broken. "Oh please, Alison," he said. "I love you, and it hurts." Then, "What did you say?"

Alison laughed, hysterically. "That I'm not! I never am! Tony's so pleased I'm not he shouts with it. Oh, Brother, you big galoot! Can't you see? Can't you—"

"Alison! What are you trying to tell me?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I want to marry you—if you'll just let me."

He took a step forward, looked into the half-laughing, half-crying face in bewilderment, and then her mouth was crushed against his coat, his arms were tight around her, and with his face against her hair, he was saying, "Alison! You can't mean it!"

She said, in a muffled voice, "I can. And I do. And you're going to Europe."

The front door opened, shedding light in a bright streak. "Everett!" called his mother. "Is that you? Everett, you must hurry—"

Everett dragged Alison by the hand into the house. "Look!" he said. "Alison's going to marry me!" He grabbed Alison's arm and began racing up the stairs. He said, "Will Tony care very much?" and then again hurried her up the stairs to where Tony would be, being very particular about his dress tie.

"Not very much," said Alison breathlessly. She felt, she told herself, just like Alice in Wonderland: The next square! cried the Red Queen. Faster, faster!

"Tony!" cried Everett. "Alison's going to marry me!"

Tony turned deliberately from the mirror, looked at the two of them, and a look of amazement spread over his face.

"Don't tell me you've at last discovered it? Not really? You poor prune! Why, all the rest of us have known it for ages."

"Everett!" called his mother. "There is barely time—"

In the
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Hot Pavements cause HOT, SWOLLEN FEET

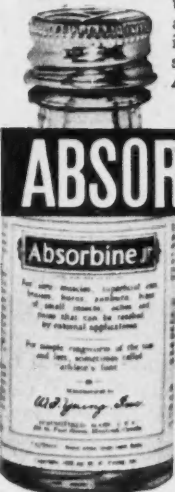
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wouldn't even come to meals. Tony was looking now, as if he were reliving that week.

"Heck!" said Tony roughly. "Isn't that the lunch bell?"

"I think it is," said Everett.

"Swell," said Tony.

No, nothing in a changed world was really different. Yet all Everett's world would never be the same to him again. At lunch his mother was talking, and when something was said about Everett's job she said, a little vaguely, "Job? What job? Oh yes, of course."

After lunch Anthony went whistling out; his father disappeared into his study and shut the door behind him; his mother went back to her desk. He too, went out. That was what people did; they went in and out of each other's day, and life, brushing it in passing, seldom penetrating in. But they were there to each other, for all that.

IT WAS Commencement. Examinations were over, and all that last-minute effort to absorb a half-year's education in a gulp had given way to the clinging, saccharine moments of graduation. Mrs. Marbury was giving a look at the luncheon table (three trustees, two visiting college presidents) when Alison came bursting into the house, called breathlessly to Mrs. Marbury, "Where's Everett?" and without waiting for an answer, dashed upstairs like one who had no real doubt of her right to go there. Everett was repacking things in a suitcase, hoping against hopelessness that he could put in the extra pair of shoes. She grabbed him by the arm and whirled him around.

"Look!" she said.

He looked. In her open palm she held a pin, a long sparkling pin, set with immense winking—

"Not diamonds?" said Everett.

"Diamonds! Yes! Those are my diamonds, Everett! You remember! Of course you remember! The ones dad gave Joan's father. They gave them to me, just now, as a present. Just like that! Everett! Think of it! And think what mean things I've thought!"

She lifted her eyes shining, suddenly, with tears, and her face was soft with humbleness and pride. Of a sudden she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then she stood away, holding his shoulders, looking into his face.

"I'm so happy, Brother. Don't you see? That's why I'm crying. Don't you see how it's been? Things I've thought were horrid and ugly, things I thought people thought about me—they weren't so at all. Not even your mother, really. Not even Joan—any more. When they gave me this pin, just now, I couldn't wait to come and tell you. I felt that just you in all the world would understand how I feel—ashamed, and proud, and happy, and in tears, all at once. Oh, my dear Brother, dear!" She pulled at his coat lapels. "I'm so happy, these days. You know Joan—Tony—"

He looked down at her. "You have a right to be happy."

"Do I, Everett? Oh, tell me—why do I?"

"Oh—Everything's turned out so well for you. You have a job—"

"Yes?"

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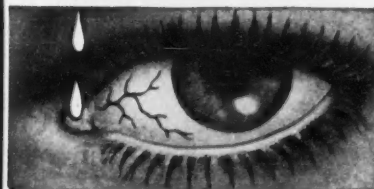
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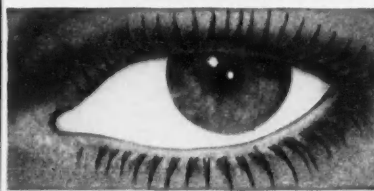
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**USE
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"And there's you and Tony—"

"What about me and Tony?"

"Why—just that. I'm terribly glad about it."

"Glad! Oh, Everett!" She began to laugh, half hysterically, and from the foot of the stairs Laura Marbury's voice came up, peremptorily. "Everett! Come at once! Everyone's here, and it's soufflé."

"Oh, but Everett—wait! You don't want me to marry Tony! You're not really glad!" said Alison.

"Oh, but I am," said Everett. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Everett! I'm waiting," said Mrs. Marbury.

"Oh darn—luncheon!" said Alison.

ALISON WAS going to the Prom with a lad called Sandy McGregor. She liked Sandy, too. But her heart was heavy, her hands cold. Since eight o'clock she had been dressed, dressed in a floating white chiffon dress and a bar-pin of diamonds, waiting for Everett to call her up. And half an hour ago he had come in to see her, had called her downstairs in the middle of a hall full of girls, and said good-by to her. That was all. Not a word. Not one word, not one look—about anything. She was pacing the room, her body hot, her hands cold. What could she do? The last night! He just couldn't care for her, was all.

It was nine forty-five. It was ten-thirty. Twice she went to the telephone. Twice she came back. Joan was dressing now for the dance, and she was singing, looking disgustingly happy.

It was ten forty-five. Suddenly Alison stamped her foot, grabbed up her gold coat, and sped down the stairs into the night. She took somebody's car, she didn't know whose and she cared less, and roared it through the streets, stopping it by the Marbury door. She ran up the steps, into the hall. Bags stood there, sedately packed. Mrs. Marbury was counting them.

"Where's Everett?"

"Everett? Let me see. James, where's Everett? Oh, I remember. He went out to see if he could get a new battery for the flashlight. Mercy!" said Laura exasperatedly. "As if that were important, now. Where? Oh, to some drugstore. Tony's dressing."

Bother Tony! Alison went out. To hunt for him—around drugstores! What would Everett think?

But he solved her problem by rattling up in his old roadster. At sight of her he stopped so suddenly that he stalled. He abandoned the car where it stood.

"Alison!" he cried.

She stood where she was, rooted. It came over her: What in the world could she say? Nothing.

"Tony's dressing. Shall I call him?"

This was her chance. But she couldn't speak. She was going to cry, instead.

She stood there in her white gown and gold jacket, and she looked as if she were going to cry. Everett could stand nothing more.

He took a step forward, stopped, and said in a rush of words, "Alison—you're going to marry Tony. And I'm—I'm glad. No, I'm not glad! I love you so it's killing me. But I'm going away, and after a while it will be all



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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES
AT ALL DRUG STORES

The Outsider

Continued from page 13

steps of the children sounded on the stairs. They came running into the room and, as Irene looked at them, Lucy saw the uncertain, blankish expression of her face break up into a smile, young, shy and radiant, blotting out completely the effect of shallowness and hardness.

Spindly little Freddie, and plump little Elaine, drew back against the wall and gazed at her, and half an hour later they were gambolling all over her. And with them Irene came to life. Only with them, it seemed, did she feel uncriticized and sure of herself; only with them was she unaffected, simple and gay. Half an hour after breakfast the three of them went back into the woods and fields. Lucy stood in the doorway and looked after them, wondering.

All morning Gerald followed her about. He talked of the past, and finally, taking the pipe from between his teeth, he said in a taut voice, "Lucy—I can't get over Elaine."

She kept rolling the pie dough. Who could, she wondered, get over Elaine? She was feeling provoked with Gerald, as though he had hurt two women. But that was ridiculous. Nothing could ever hurt Elaine now, and the little English girl had wanted to marry him.

"After Elaine died," he went on, "I thought I'd go mad with grief and loneliness. I couldn't write, I could scarcely eat and I had to dope myself to sleep. I went wandering senselessly all over Europe and finally landed up in London. I hadn't been writing and I'd spent everything I had on travel, so I had to go to a little rooming house. And there I just sort of caved in, spent most of my time lying around without thought or feeling—like a dead person. Then I'd have restless, nervous fits, when I'd walk back and forth, back and forth, trying to write and not being able to, as though the very spark of my soul had gone out with Elaine. It was when I was like this that there was a faint knock at the door, and Irene—I'd noticed her vaguely about the place—came in, bringing me a bunch of those pale English primroses."

He paused and looked back at it as though perplexed at how it could have happened. "She had on a white dress and she was very shy. I looked from her and the primroses to the window, and for the first time was really aware that it was springtime, English springtime. I asked her to stay and have a chat, and she sat down on the edge of a chair, like an embarrassed child. She told me she had worked in a shop since she was sixteen, and before that in this boardinghouse for as long as she could remember. And here it was Sunday and springtime, and I was lonely and miserable, and she was little more

Description of Patterns on page 28

No. 3120—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires: 3½ yards 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Contrast: ¾ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3121—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3123—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4½ yards 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3124—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20. Size 15 requires: 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; 2¾ yards 29-inch fabric. Trimming: 1¼ yards of purchased lacing. Price, 25 cents.

I'M MIMI

I'M SANDY

I'M DELIA

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High-School Girl

"Housework—sports—strain stockings. I know Lux cuts down runs. Once when I rubbed a pair with cake soap, runs came fast."
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"I'm terribly fussy about stockings! But, thanks to Lux, I don't have nearly the trouble with runs so many people do. My stockings wear and wear—fit beautifully, too."
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Smooth Sailing Through the Heat Waves

BLACK COIN dots, tossed with open-handed extravagance on pink rayon crepe, belie the modest manner of a straightlaced basque bodice like No. 3124. Completely disarming with its narrow waist and brief flared skirt, it is one of the summer's prettiest fashions.

Fastidious women prefer No. 3120 for travelling, busy days in town and for dark silks like navy blue printed surah. Its becoming lines have a trim, tailored look, without being severe.

Pique sails smoothly through summer sports and so does No. 3123, for this wide-skirted frock, flaunting a smart sailor collar, is designed for action. Make it with or without sleeves for your vacation wardrobe.

Shirred sleeves and a cascade of soft drapery lend grace to the bodice and skirt of No. 3121. A perfect dress for the season's fashionable sheer fabrics and for gala moments when you must look your most alluring.

Pattern descriptions on opposite page.

YOUR HOME

Editor - EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE
PLANNING, DECORATING
AND FURNISHING

Stay at Home

AND LIKE IT..

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

IF YOU expect to be stuck in the city all summer, you probably will wonder if there is anything you can do to cheer up yourself, your apartment, or house. Take it from me, there is plenty.

☆☆
You could start your fall decoration right now. Have your walls and woodwork redone with that fall scheme in mind. Then slip-cover the furniture and shift your furniture grouping so that it faces the windows instead of the fireplace.

☆☆
What, during this sweltering heat? Well, there are other chores which can be done and which will take your mind off the heat.

What about those rings left by your guests' glasses on your tables? Put some spirits of camphor on a piece of cheesecloth and allow it to vaporize until the cloth is just slightly damp. Then rub the spot, which will disappear quickly.

☆☆
There is the floor of the sun porch leading off the dining room. Paint it a darkish bright blue and stencil a design in red, white or green. Or you might get a plain sisal summer rug and stencil it.

☆☆
It's not too late to do something to the summer furniture in use on the porch or lawn, or both. Take a fling with emerald green, white, pepper red, saffron and blue enamel, or combinations of all five.

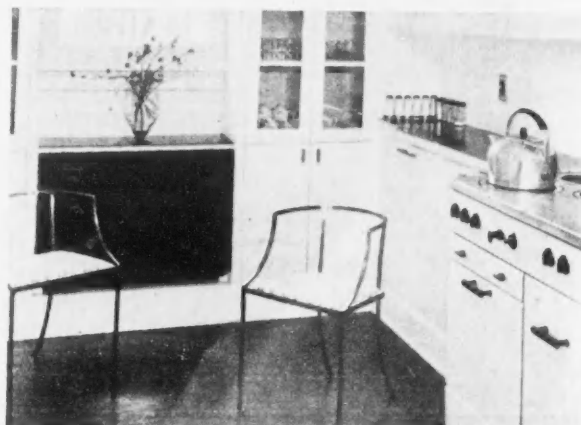
☆☆
Some of our readers ask from time to time for information on rugs. They tell me they have sponged them with a cleaner, leaving the rug bright and apparently well cleaned. But unfortunately some of the rugs begin to fall to pieces. There is a reason for this. The most important item in the whole cleaning of rugs is quick and thorough drying and, if possible, the rug should be dried outdoors. If this is not possible, it should be raised from the floor so that air can reach the underside as freely as the top; windows should be left wide open. A rug lying on the floor will dry so slowly that rotting is likely to set in, especially in a long stretch of damp weather.

☆☆
Is the nursery in your home colorless and without interest? To introduce color, get a screen of the type which many stores sell as "unfinished furniture," and cover with a wallpaper design for a child's room. It would certainly make the room more interesting, especially with some pastel scatter rugs of the washable rag variety. Plywood cutouts of nursery characters, painted in a variety of colors, and tacked up in a frieze around the room, would also look attractive.

☆ Continued on next page



The living room (above) symbolizes modernity. Fireplace and bookcase in one unit, circular window with venetian blinds, apricot rug, chesterfield and chair in beige patterned mohair and petit point stool, all give repose to this room. (At right) Distinctive window treatment, with tables and lighting placed for comfort and ease. The coffee table completes an attractive ensemble. (Lower left) Crash drapes of blue, gold and buff background blend well with ivory or light blue walls. (Lower right) Collapsible table and steel chairs with loose seats make this kitchen one of distinction.



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than a child, a poor, untaught child who had to work in a shop all week. She seemed terribly happy when I asked her to go out with me."

He had stopped abruptly. It was plain that he hated to talk about the marriage. She could hear his teeth bite hard on the pipestem. "I couldn't have married an obtrusivewoman then, one who would jut into my memories—it was just the way she was, sweet and shrinking and, well, colorless, that let me find a certain comfort in her presence, a sort of padding of companionship. She took the bitter edge off Elaine's memory without in the least dimming it. I could write again. But it wasn't for long. Pretty soon she began to want attention all the time, even when I was writing. She was forever asking if I loved her, and crying about nothing. I think she is actually jealous of my memories."

"Of course she is," said Lucy. "What do you expect? She's human."

Gerald looked at her piteously, like a disappointed child. "But Elaine—" he said. And then suddenly he put his head down into his hands.

AFTER LUNCH Lucy took a book and went out into the garden. Irene and the children were near by, threading daisy chains. From the open window above them came the spasmodic ticking of Gerald's typewriter, then a long silence and the door opened and Gerald came out. Lucy saw immediately that he had about him "that writing look." She saw him nod sideways to Irene and hurry past as though he were afraid she would follow him. He strode off in the direction of the woods.

Lucy was surprised to see Irene get up abruptly, spilling the daisy chains from her lap. She went in quick, jerky steps to the door, opened it, and let it slam behind her. The children started to follow her, but Lucy called them back. Then on an impulse Lucy got up and went quietly into the house. She heard a door click overhead and went on up the stairs. The door of Gerald's and Irene's room was shut, and through it came the sound of muffled sobbing. She knocked, opened the door and stepped in. The girl was slung across the bed. She started up on an elbow and looked at Lucy nervously.

"Don't mind me," Lucy said, trying to appear at ease, and went and sat on the edge of the bed.

Irene gazed at her a moment, and then, surprisingly, like a little child, moved over and put her head in her lap. "He doesn't love me," she blurted out. "I don't think he even likes me. And here in this house it's worse still. It's as though he is living with— with someone else."

Lucy stared down numbly. The girl's thin shoulders were heaving again. "Of course he loves you," she said, and kept repeating it idiotically, in a blind effort to stop the sobs. "He wouldn't have married you if he didn't, child."

"Maybe he did at first—but—"

Lucy made no sign of knowing otherwise. "A padding of companionship," she remembered; but she wouldn't have told it for the world. "Of course he still loves you—it's just that he gets distracted by his writing. If you would cultivate an interest in his writing—" She found that her hands in their effort at a soothing gesture, were

trying to smooth out the rigid wave in the yellow hair, and she added mentally, "and stop doing your hair this awful way."

"Oh, can you help me?" Irene cried. She sat up abruptly. "You've been so kind to me—I know you'll help me!" She reached over and clutched Lucy's hand and held it, looking at her beseechingly.

"Why—" Lucy was taken aback.

"I'll do anything," went on Irene, "I love him so. I've loved him from the moment I saw him, before he even realized I was in the house." A sob, dry and suppressed, shook her again. "You wouldn't know what it was like because you've never lived the way I used to live. My widowed mother ran that boardinghouse until she died when I was thirteen. She worked so hard she had no time to love me. And then, when the next people took it over, they took me with it in return for my work. When I was sixteen I went to work in a shop too."

Lucy pressed her fingers and then slipped an arm about her. Irene's voice had dropped very low. "Then Gerald came like someone from some world I had dreamed about. I couldn't look at anyone else. I hardly dared look at him, but I felt him all the time. Things and people, that had seemed all right before, I couldn't bear any longer. They made me feel sick. I knew he was unhappy, and one day I gathered my courage and went to his room with some primroses."

Her face was radiant. Then it clouded again, and the overloading of rouge and powder stood out dully. She hung her head. "I guess he took me because he was lonely, but I'm really not good enough for him."

"Nonsense," said Lucy gruffly. "Don't say things like that—it's nonsense." Who, she wondered, could be good enough for someone who had had Elaine?

"Then you will help me?" The thin fingers tightened again on hers.

"Why—but—" And then, looking at the urgent little face, she felt that she would have to do something, anything, everything in her power to help her. She couldn't rest until she had.

Irene must have seen it in her eyes because she smiled that really appealing smile of hers. "I'll do anything."

Do anything, Lucy thought, do anything—but what? Of course there were her hair and make-up and dress and shoes; she must try to build up the girl's taste. But these things weren't her taste, anyway. They were just her blundering effort to live up to Gerald.

And there was her inner life, the inner life that Gerald must find when he turned to her in some low hour when time had worn thin, very thin, the make-believe world of memory that he was trying to hold up about him. It had been starved, the heart and soul of her had been starved through that dreary slaving mountain of days that had been her childhood. But there was still life, an urgent painful hunger, that Lucy had somehow involved herself into nurturing into fullness and richness. And it could be done, she told herself, because of that something, sudden, surprising and beautiful, that she had seen flare like a bright flame in a bleak stretch of

☆ Continued on page 36



Guest House at the Cottage

Evan Parry tells you how to build a small bungalow to accommodate your summer visitors. Plans are on the opposite page

IF YOU haven't a guest house at your summer cottage, you would find one worth its weight in gold. Privacy is both desirable and necessary for comfort when holidaying at your summer home.

It does not matter how intimate your friends who visit you may be, both they and your family require, at certain times of the day and night, to be absolutely independent of one another. A guest house is the solution.

The first thing to do is to select a spot easily accessible to your cottage, preferably, with a covered way between the two.

If you want to do the thing in really fine style, arrange to have toilet and washing facilities installed separately from those in your own cottage. It is an easy matter to install a modern chemical closet and pipe water from the well or lake with a small hand pump attached, and place over a lavatory basin or sink, whichever you prefer. The waste water could drain into a soakaway pit.

The house can be built on wood sills and cedar posts. Possibly you could get the posts on your own lot without having to buy them. They should extend down to a depth below frost line, and be creosoted to prevent rot.

If there is an outcrop of rock, you could dispense with the posts by laying the sills directly on the rock.

With roof gutters either of metal or wood and rain water pipe leaders discharging into water butts, you could normally conserve enough soft water for personal use and, at the same time, please your visitors by the softness of the water.

A guest house, to accommodate two persons, should be of over-all dimensions of fourteen feet by fifteen feet including porch. If built as shown in wood, with asphalt roof covering, the bill of materials is as follows:

Bill of Materials

Ridge, 1" x 6", 15 lineal feet.
Rafters, 2" x 4", 180 lineal feet.

Roof Ties, 2" x 4", 150 lineal feet.
Joists for floor, 2" x 6", 60 lineal feet.
Joists for porch, 2" x 4", 40 lineal feet.

Studs for walls, 2" x 4", 112 lineal feet.

Corner posts, 4" x 4", 28 lineal feet.
Sills and heads, 2" x 4", 144 lineal feet.

Wall and ceiling board, 417 square feet.

Roof sheeting, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ squares.
Asphalt shingles, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ squares.
Lattice, 15 lineal feet.

Shelving for hat and coat cupboard, 2' x 12" x $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick.

Flooring, $\frac{3}{8}$ " tongued and grooved, 210 square feet.

Sill beam, 6" x 8", 48 lineal feet.
Clapboards, 8" x $\frac{3}{4}$ ", 120 lineal feet.
Barn boarding of random width, 290 square feet.

Battens for barn board half round inch and a quarter, 500 lineal feet.

One door, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 6'6" x 2'6" pine.

Windows, 2'8" x 4' x 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ ", pine, in twelve panes and frames complete, thirty-six squares of window glass, approximately 8" x 10", three pairs of batten shutters, $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick.

Consult your lumber merchant as to quantity of nails required.

Three window catches; six pairs of 2-inch steel butts for shutters; one pair of 4-inch steel butts for doors; one 4-inch rim lock for door; one door set of furniture; six hat and coat hooks for clothes closets, one porch seat for verandah, 4 feet long, one lavatory basin or sink with waste complete, one chemical toilet complete, half a gallon of paint for two-coat work.

These materials could be obtained in town or locally, cut and dressed ready for assembling.

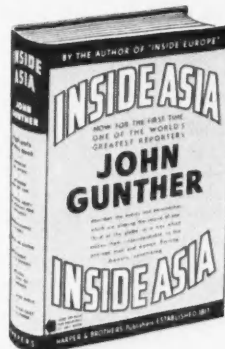
Believe me, if you do build a guest house you will wonder how on earth you managed without it. ☆



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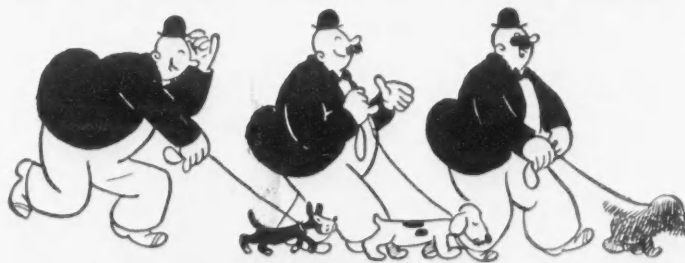
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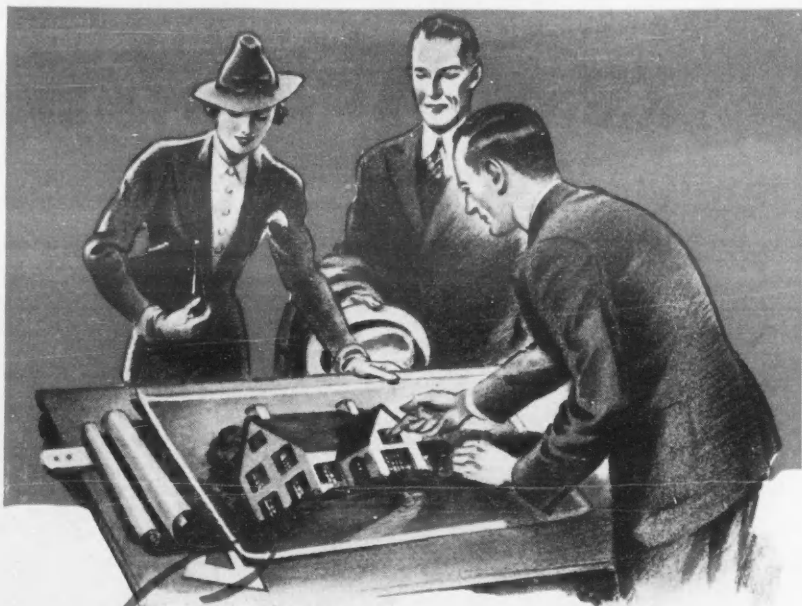
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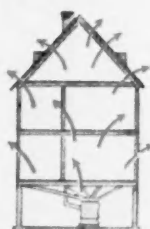
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Probably you have tried unsuccessfully to remove accumulated wax from linoleum floors. Steel scrapers won't do it, but a mild soap, warm water and steel wool, rubbed gently on the surface of linoleum, usually will remove most forms of wax. If not, try turpentine instead of soap and water, but the turpentine must be washed off as soon as the wax is taken off. Be sure it is wax and not varnish that you are trying to remove.

☆☆

That old table you purchased at a sale some time ago and which is covered with a cheap varnish, can easily be refinished with light-colored enamel. If the varnish is not in very bad condition, dull the finish by rubbing lightly with fine sandpaper. Wipe off with turpentine, then finish. To remove the varnish, use a paint remover, and when the finish has been removed down to the wood, wipe with turpentine. For a first coat, use an enamel under-coater, or flat paint of color similar to that of the finishing enamel.

☆☆

If you have any wasps in the attic you can get rid of them by a very simple method. Use a wide-mouthed tool of the vacuum cleaner. It will draw them in instantly. After the vacuum cleaner picks them all up, one or two handfuls of moth crystals or moth flakes drawn into the bag will kill them. The bag can then be emptied into a bucket of boiling water.

☆☆

If you have any metal furniture and want to repaint it, first remove the rust stain and the old paint with a stiff metal brush, or steel wool and paint remover. Then wash the furniture with a solution of a half cupful of sal soda in four quarts of hot water. Wipe dry and then apply the enamel. Two coats are usually needed.

☆☆

Is the ceiling you want to calcimine cracked? Are there cracks in the wall plastering? If so, they can easily be filled by brushing with a mixture of three parts boiled linseed oil and one part turpentine. If the cracks are rather wide, use white lead thinned

with turpentine to a fairly thin paste. Rub on with a cloth to force paste into the cracks, wiping off the excess. Light sandpapering may be necessary to smooth the paste fill.

☆☆

The best way to keep a satisfactory finish on new furniture in good condition is by using wax. Apply it in thin coats, well rubbed in. Do this once or twice a year. Once a week polish the surface by rubbing with a clean, soft cloth. A milky white liquid furniture polish is also satisfactory.

☆☆

For cleaning a wood kitchen floor use a good quality, quick-drying varnish, the kind that is made of a synthetic resin. For a linoleum floor, varnish is not recommended. Wash the linoleum with a mild soap, rinse with clear water when the floor is dry, and then apply a coat of water wax.

☆☆

Perhaps you have been bothered by your upright piano being infested with moths? If so, fill a few small cloth bags with moth crystals—hang these bags inside from the top of the piano.

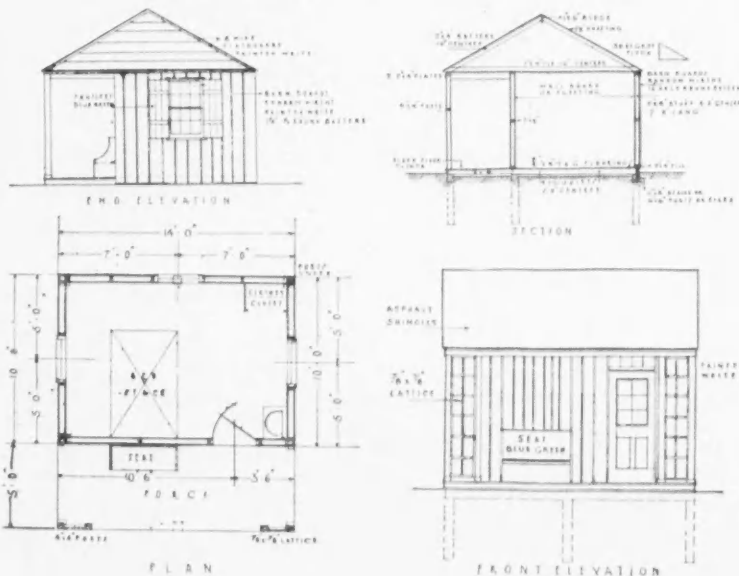
☆☆

Maybe, when the family were eating grapefruit in the dinette the juice squirted on the washable wallpaper and left spots on the paper. Also, some young blood, with a fresh supply of an oil hair tonic on his hair, has leaned against the wall and left a large spot of grease. To remove the fruit marks, wipe lightly with a soft cloth dampened in clear water. For removing the grease spot, mix fuller's earth with enough benzine to make a stiff paste. Spread over the spot one-fourth of an inch thick, let it dry, and then remove it with a soft brush.

☆☆

Maybe you have purchased a piece of unfinished furniture, known in the trade as "in the white," and want to paint it. If it is pine, coat it with shellac to prevent its bleeding. This is especially advisable if there are any knots. The first coat should be enamel under-coater; when it has hardened thoroughly, rub smooth with fine sandpaper and wipe off all traces of dust before applying the finish.

Guest House for your summer cottage. Larger-scale detailed plans will be furnished upon request.



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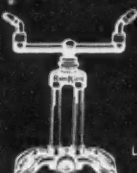
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LARGE or SMALL
AREAS

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The House Clinic

If you have encountered some building or decorating problem, send it in to Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C. For your detailed reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Question—How would you carry the roof to take care of a new semicircular projecting window?

Answer—Carry the bay window to height of roof plate and construct a bulkhead, from level of ceiling of room to ceiling level of bay. The roof of the bay window can be laid to a fall and die into the main roof. Strengthen the roof plate the full width of bay window opening, and provide vertical uprights to take the load.

☆☆

Question—The fireplace in our living room is of very ugly red brick. The chimney is going to be used for a new furnace, and won't be used as a coal grate. I am wondering if the fireplace could be plastered over and painted the same as the woodwork?

Our bathroom is to have a built-in tub with shower, and I am thinking of finishing it with tiling. My objection to this is that the color can never be changed, and I rather favor finishing with a tile board which can be painted and enamelled to look as good as tiles. When one is expecting to live in a house for a considerable number of years, even a bathroom becomes monotonous if it cannot be altered. Please give me your advice.

Answer—Cover the brick fireplace with a heat resistant pressed board. You can get it in almost any shade to blend with the walls. Corner beads and intersection molds are made of the same material.

Fix a mirror over the mantelshelf up to ceiling cornice, all-over width of chimney breast. Moisture-resistant fibre or asbestos tile would make a good finish for the bathroom walls and eliminate cost of maintenance.

Question—I am living in a small country home. The woodwork has not yet been painted. I would like to keep the natural color of the woodwork. Therefore, I would appreciate it if you could tell me how to treat the wood to get that finish.

The color scheme in the kitchen is ivory and red and that of the bathroom green. Do you think it would be smarter to paint the woodwork in these two rooms ivory or leave them in the natural color?

Answer—To keep the natural color of the wood apply one coat of white shellac, rub down with steel wool, then give it two coats of English polishing wax, well rubbed in, and finished with one coat of cedar oil. Paint the kitchen as follows: wood, semigloss enamel ivory, and use a light blue-green for the bathroom.

☆☆

Question—Should the predominating colors in the drapes of printed linen in brilliant hues suggested in your letter be the same as those in the rug, or should they blend in color with the chesterfield, which is of wine rep? What should be done about the glass door and the little window in the stairway? The stairs lead directly into the living room. What would you suggest in the way of material and color for drapes for the den?

Answer—The predominating colors of the drapes should blend with those of the chesterfield and in slight contrast to the rug. Take off the molding of the small window on stairs, block the window up with Plyboard and paint it in with the walls. The glass door to stairs can be left as it is, curtains or drapes would make it too fussy. The drapes for window in den could be homespun or monk's cloth, the color to blend with the cover of studio couch. ☆



NEW LIQUID 'LIPSTICK'

Can't smear... won't rub off...
Keeps its color... stays fresh
and moist-looking for many,
many hours



PRINCESS PAT
LIQUID

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AVOID IMITATIONS—the genuine liquid lipstick (patent pending) has the name Princess Pat on every package.



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with black hair, dark
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It's Still More Tempting— The **NEW** MAXWELL HOUSE



SAYS *Fanny Brice*
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MAXWELL HOUSE RICH?...
IS IT SMOOTH?... YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW HOW
DELICIOUS COFFEE CAN BE
'TIL YOU'VE TRIED IT!

YOU SAY
THEY'VE
ACTUALLY
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HOUSE?

YES, MADAM... IT'S A
STILL BETTER BLEND
THAT IS RICHER, SMOOTHER
AND FULLER BODIED...
ROASTED BY A NEW
METHOD THAT CAPTURES
ALL THE EXTRA
GOODNESS.



ISN'T THIS NEW
MAXWELL HOUSE
DELICIOUS? IT HAS
EVERYTHING ONE
WANTS IN COFFEE.

I'LL SAY...
IT BEATS ANY I
EVER TASTED
FOR RICH,
FULL FLAVOUR.

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HOUSE IS ALWAYS
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ENSURES THAT!



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or Glass Coffee Makers.

REGULAR GRIND for
Boiled or Percolated
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MH239



Let's Eat Out-of-Doors

Now that summer is here and you'll be having meals in the open air, why not build an outside fireplace at your summer cottage?

COOKING on an outside fireplace is a godsend during the sweltering days of July and August. Of that, there is no shadow of doubt. Also, eating outside helps to cool one's heated brow and keep the temper on a level keel.

A fireplace and dining table can be built in the garden of a house in the city, just as easily as in the country, provided you can find a spot far enough away from trees, wood fences and other inflammable material.

But let us assume that you are thinking of the summer cottage. Start right in, with yourself, your family and visitors collecting stones which can be found in most locations. One at a time is all that is necessary. All sizes and shapes are grist to the mill.

Contact a builders' supplies merchant in the nearest village or town, and find out if he can supply you with cement. Next find a blacksmith who could make the bars for the grate and the swing gallows (for holding pots and pans over the fire).

Sand to mix with the cement you can collect yourself. The flagstones can be bedded on local gravel or cinders. This would make a fair start for operations.

The dining table and seats are of lumber, all stock size, and can either be purchased locally or brought up from town on one or more of the periodical trips.

The lumber can be cut and dressed to size as required. The bolts for assembling the table can probably be obtained from a hardware store in the local town.

SO MUCH for procedure, now for working details.

The stone base of the fireplace, consisting of fairly uniform stones, four inches thick, can be built on the natural ground if it is stone or fairly solid. If it is gravel, clay, or sand, build a concrete slab, 3'6" x 3'2" x 4" thick, composed of gravel and sand with Portland cement. One portion cement, two of

sand and four of gravel, are the constituents for the concrete.

The base built, proceed to lay the stones as shown. Build a hob either side of the fireplace opening for resting the coffee pot and frying pan. In the back of the opening, build a flue. The overall size of the structure is 3'6" wide, 3'2" deep and 3' high.

The sides are 2 feet to top from grade, hobs 1'4" from grade.

The width of opening above hobs is 3'1", and width of opening below grate bars 2 feet.

The flue opening immediately below grate bars is 6 inches high and 1'2" wide, which is also the size of the flue.

The depth of opening from front of side to inside face of back wall is 2 feet. The wrought iron bars for grate are half inch by half inch and spaced on 2½ inch centres—allow them long enough to build 3 inches into side walls on either side. The wrought iron gallows bracket can be made out of 1-inch square wrought iron, or possibly the village blacksmith may have some flat iron equally suitable.

The outdoor dining table and seats can be built as follows: table, 6' x 2'6", consisting of five 6" x 1" x 6' boards dressed one one side and two edges. The seats 7 feet long, of two 6" x 1½" boards for each seat. The supports, one at each end, to be of 2" x 6" dressed lumber with 2" x 4" truss braces. The cleats bolted on supports for table top should be 2" x 6", and the stretcher rail for connecting and supports will act as footrest, which can be the same size—2" x 6".

All the members to be bolted together with bolts ¾ inch in diameter, so that the table and seats can easily be taken down for the winter.

A job like this would prove of great interest to the members of the family and your friends, to say nothing of the health value involved in the chore. Why not build an outside fireplace this summer? ☆

HOUSEKEEPING



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME
MANAGEMENT-Conducted
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

Summer Shorts

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IT TAKES a lot of doing nothing to keep cool on a scorching day.

No good housekeeper will use even ninety-in-the-shade as an excuse to be slipshod—but no sensible one will do more work than she has to.

Simplify your whole program of summer living if you want to beat the weatherman at his own game.

Which merely means to cut out all the nonessentials and set about what has to be done in the easiest, quickest and most efficient way.

There's no virtue in being a martyr to out-of-date methods. Take every short-cut you know of, and if you can think up some new ones, so much the better.

Be good to yourself—or as good as you can. Dress wisely—but not too well—to suit the work and the weather. Don't wear old, broken-down shoes, but treat your feet to a really comfortable pair.

Take a tip from those who live in the tropics; be up and at it early—in the cool of the morning. Then maybe there's time for a siesta after lunch.

Dozens of dishes lend themselves to advance preparation and a sojourn in the refrigerator until serving time.

Your refrigerator, you know, provides Arctic cold and safe food storage irrespective of the outside temperature.

Keep on hand a few bottles of ready-to-drink beverages or a pitcher of ice-cold fruit juices to refresh and revive you when you're feeling limp.

Of course, there's always the three meals a day to think of—and the earlier you think, the better. Meals planned ahead of time are usually more satisfactory as well as easier to prepare.

Battles are won by organization and strategy. So is the fight to keep cool in sultry circumstances.

Make it a rule never to stand when you can sit comfortably—at your ironing, polishing the silver, preparing the vegetables, even packing fruit in jars for canning. You might as well be kind to your own feet—no one else will.



Do things the easy way and whistle while you work.

A clean house seems cooler than a cluttered, dusty one, and here's where modern labor savers shorten and lighten your work. The vacuum cleaner, carpet sweeper, mops and brushes well designed for their particular purpose, make cleaning a matter of minutes rather than an all-day job.

It seems to me that small washings several times a week don't add up to as much grief as a huge one on Monday morning.

And it's easier to wash a lot of slightly soiled clothes than a few very dirty ones.

Wrinkles on your face are worse than wrinkles in your sheets, but with an electric ironing machine you won't

have either. If you're not so lucky, put your sheets back on the beds fresh from their sunning. No need to apologize for them either.

Summer dress for the house is both a comfort and an economy; simple cotton hangings may replace and save more expensive formal draperies, slip covers protect upholstery from wear and strong sunlight. Many housekeepers like to take up large rugs, send them to the cleaners and store through the hot-weather months. Then they have two pleasant changes of scene each year.

A ventilating fan in the top section of your kitchen window makes the whole house cooler and more comfortable. It carries out heat and cooking odors, or it brings in fresh air from the outside. ☆



"This tub is
so easy to
keep clean now!"

Wouldn't you like to make cleaning easier?
.... then check up on the cleanser you use

● "Why is it that bathtubs and kitchen sinks grow harder to clean as they grow old?" women often ask us.

The answer very frequently is the cleanser you use. Coarse, gritty cleansers cause scratches that catch and hold dirt, make cleaning more and more difficult.

Today millions of women refuse to take chances with harsh cleansers. Instead, they use Bon Ami . . . the cleanser that "hasn't scratched yet!"

Bon Ami contains no coarse, scratchy ingredients. Yet it cleans with a minimum of work on your part. And actually *polishes* as it cleans. Keeps your bathroom and kitchen fixtures easier to clean the next time. Try it.

Bon Ami

Cleans and protects your
bathroom and kitchen equipment



MADE IN CANADA

"hasn't
scratched
yet!"

WHY use a cleanser that's coarse, harsh, and only partly efficient—when you can do all your household cleaning with safe, thorough Bon Ami?

WHY use a cleanser that scratches your sink and bathtub—when Bon Ami polishes as it cleans? And, in addition, leaves no grit to clog drains.

WHY let your hands get that scoured look—when Bon Ami contains none of the harsh caustics that make hands rough and red? Try it. You'll be surprised any cleanser could be so completely different!

The Outsider

Continued from page 30

autumn, when Irene first saw the children this morning. And there was her love, her capacity for great love, blundering, uncultivated, forcing itself with a certain crudity of insistence—but love.

She slipped her arm through Irene's and stood up. "Let's go for a walk," she said. "It's so beautiful outside." She couldn't begin too soon what must somehow be accomplished before summer left this beloved and beautiful place.

The screen door downstairs banged shut, and the children's feet came rushing toward the stairs. "Mummie—Irene—where are you?"

"I'll get you some country shoes," Lucy said, and went to her room. Hers looked too big for the girl's small feet, but there in the dusky corner of the closet was a pair that Elaine had left here the summer before last. It was strange the way she hadn't been able to bring herself to move them in all that time.

She picked them up now and took them to Irene and closed her eyes while Irene put them on. It was like a symbol of what she was trying to do, and she must do it wholeheartedly.

SHE AND Irene and the children started in the direction of the river. She had a place in mind, a high bluff, a magical heart-lifting place, so tangled with her memories that she didn't know how it would break upon the consciousness for the first time.

As they skirted the edge of the woods Irene suddenly clutched her arm. "There he is—over there—see." She made as if she were going to join him, but Lucy caught her back.

"Let him alone with his writing," she said. "Let him alone all he wants and he'll be more yours than if you hound him." She felt sorry after she'd spoken so sharply. She pressed Irene's arm to her side, and they walked on through the high sweet grass. I must instill in her a love for the things he loves, she kept thinking, and some day they will meet, inseparable.

They went to the high bluff above the river and sat down full in the wind and sun. From here swept out a glory of river and woods and hills. She saw Irene breathe in deeply. "I've never been in a place like this before," she said. They sat a long time looking, while the children clambered about, calling to each other by the fanciful names of some game, as she and Elaine had done long ago.

After a while Lucy picked up the book that she had brought under her arm. She touched it delicately because of who had given it to her. "Shall we read one of Gerald's stories?" she asked.

Irene looked nervous. "I never have. I'm not much for reading."

"I'm sure he wants you to know this part of him too." She remembered what a vital part of his writing life Elaine had been. "There's one I remember about a little boy." She found the place and began to read. Yes, there was something to what Elaine had maintained, something that somehow excused Gerald for

☆ Continued on page 41

Use *New* Jar Rings
Each Season



"Properly sealed, canned fruit and vegetables will keep indefinitely. Protect your preserves by using new jar rings each season. To have fruit go bad is not only disappointing but far more costly than buying new jar rings. Take as much care in selecting jar rings, as in selecting fruit."

VICEROY

JAR RINGS

Viceroy Manufacturing Co. Limited
West Toronto.

You Can Make More
**DELICIOUS
BRAN
MUFFINS**

Easier
With Less Cost
When You Use
QUAKER
Natural BRAN



Order a Package from
Your Grocer Today!

Beat the egg, add the sour cream and sugar, mix well and stir in the oatmeal, raisins and chopped nuts. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the salt, baking powder, baking soda and spices. Add to the first mixture, combine thoroughly and drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for eight to ten minutes.

Sour Cream Dressing For Fruit Salad

- 2 Eggs or 3 yolks
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of powdered sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of celery salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of pure vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sour cream

Beat the eggs or yolks, add the melted butter, the lemon juice and salt, and continue beating. Place over gently boiling water and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add the sugar, celery salt and vanilla, mix well and chill. When thoroughly chilled, fold in the sour cream, which has been whipped until stiff.

Gooseberry Fool

- 1 Quart of gooseberries
- Water
- Sugar
- Whipped cream

Wash and remove the ends from the gooseberries. Add from a half to a cupful of water and cook gently until fruit is very soft. Rub through a sieve, add sugar to taste and bring to a boil to dissolve the sugar completely. Chill thoroughly and fold in stiffly whipped cream, using from a quarter to a half as much cream as fruit.

Gooseberry Pie

- 3 Cupfuls of gooseberries
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of water
- 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of cloves
- Pinch of nutmeg
- Butter
- Pastry

Wash and stem the gooseberries, add the water and one cupful of the sugar, and cook gently until the berries are tender. Combine the remaining half cupful of sugar with the flour, salt and spices and add to the cooked fruit. Stir until well mixed, then cool. Turn into a pie plate lined with plain pastry and dot the surface with butter (using about one tablespoonful altogether). Lace strips of pastry across the top and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for ten minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 deg. Fahr. and bake for twenty to twenty-five minutes longer or until nicely browned.

To Preserve Gooseberries

Select young, perfect, green gooseberries, top and tail them, then wash in cold water. Pack in clean jars to within $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches of the top. Cover with cold water, leaving an empty space of about one inch at the top of the jar. Adjust the rubbers and glass tops of the jars and screw the ring on until it catches hold but is not tight. Place the jars on a rack in a deep kettle

or boiler and pour in sufficient cold water to cover the jars half to one inch over the tops. Cover the kettle and heat gradually until the water is hot but not boiling—about 200 deg. Fahr. Remove the kettle from the heat and leave the jars in the water in the covered kettle until the water is cold. Remove the jars from the water, complete the seal and store until needed. To use, pour off the liquid and cook as fresh gooseberries.

Liver Hash

- 2 Cupfuls of cooked liver, cut in small cubes
- 1 Cupful of cooked potato, cubed
- 1 Medium onion, minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of fat
- 1 Cupful of liquid (stock, milk or tomato juice)

Combine the liver, potato and onion, add the seasonings and brown this mixture in the fat. Add the liquid, cover and simmer or cook in a slow oven (325 deg. Fahr.) for 25 to 30 minutes or until heated thoroughly. 5 to 6 servings.

Other cooked vegetables such as carrots, string beans or peas may be added if desired.

Ramekins of Liver and Mushrooms

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of liver, cut in uniform cubes (about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of chopped mushrooms
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of meat stock, bouillon or meat extract solution
- Salt and pepper to taste
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of mustard
- Dash of paprika
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- Sliced hard-cooked egg, for garnishing

Melt the butter, add the cubed liver and the chopped mushrooms and cook until browned. Stir in the flour and when thoroughly blended, gradually add the liquid. Stir constantly during the addition and continue until the mixture thickens and the liver is tender. Add the seasonings and lemon juice and turn into ramekins or other individual serving dishes. Garnish with sliced hard-cooked egg.

Liver With Cheese Noodles

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 Pounds of sliced beef or calves' liver
- Sifted bread crumbs
- Slightly beaten egg
- Bacon fat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of noodles
- Boiling salted water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls melted butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of grated nippy cheese

Cut the sliced liver into individual pieces for serving, coat each piece with fine sifted bread crumbs, dip in the beaten egg and again in the fine bread crumbs. Pan-fry in bacon fat until tender and nicely browned. In the meantime cook the noodles in a large amount of boiling salted water until tender, drain thoroughly, add the melted butter and the grated cheese, and toss lightly with two forks until well mixed. Turn onto a hot serving platter, arrange the cooked liver on the bed of noodles and garnish with slices of crisply cooked bacon and sprigs of parsley. Six to eight servings.

"EVERY MOUTHFUL TASTES GOOD AND IS GOOD FOR ME"

SHREDDED WHEAT wakes up morning appetites. It's made of whole wheat, nature's perfect cereal grain. Shredded Wheat brings you vitamins, carbohydrates, mineral salts, proteins and bran. When served with milk and fruits of the season, it is a well-balanced, nourishing food. Serve Shredded Wheat, regularly. Be sure to order a package today.

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12 big biscuits in every box



SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

1 STARTS TO GIVE PETEY FITS FOR LITTERING CLEAN RUG—THEN REMEMBERS SHE NEEDN'T VACUUM—CLEAN AGAIN

2 GETS OUT HER NEW BISSELL SWEEPER AND WHISKS UP THE MUSS AND LITTER IN A JIFFY

3 GLAD THAT BRUSH CLEANER KEEPS BRUSH LINT-FREE, IN PERFECT SWEEPING CONDITION

4 NOTICES HOW EASILY COMPACT BISSELL REACHES UNDER FURNITURE—AND BUMPERS PROTECT FURNITURE, TOO

5 REFLECTS SHE'LL SAVE TIME BY USING BISSELL FOR DAILY, QUICK CLEAN-UPS—KEEPING VACUUM FOR HEAVY-DUTY CLEANING

6 See the new "streamlined" Bissells \$4.45 to \$7.45 at your dealer's.

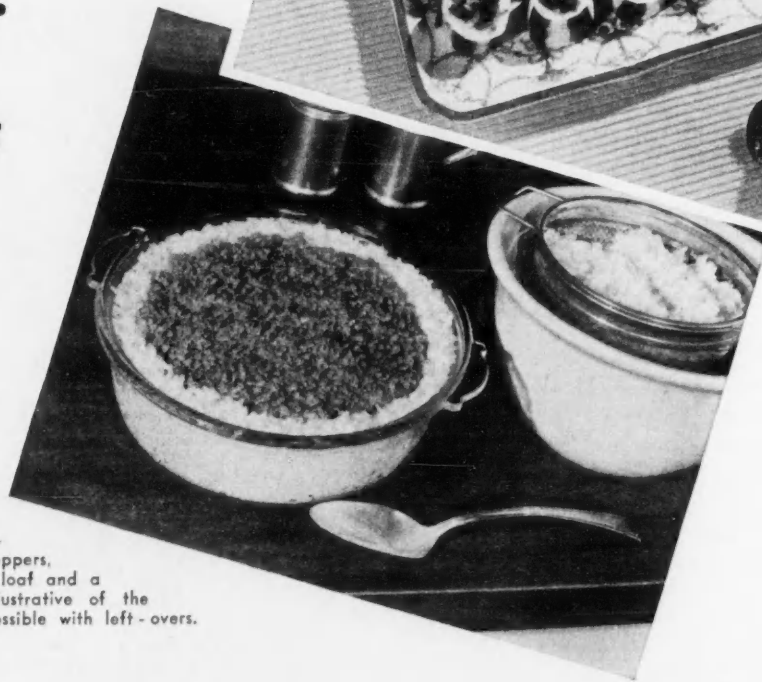
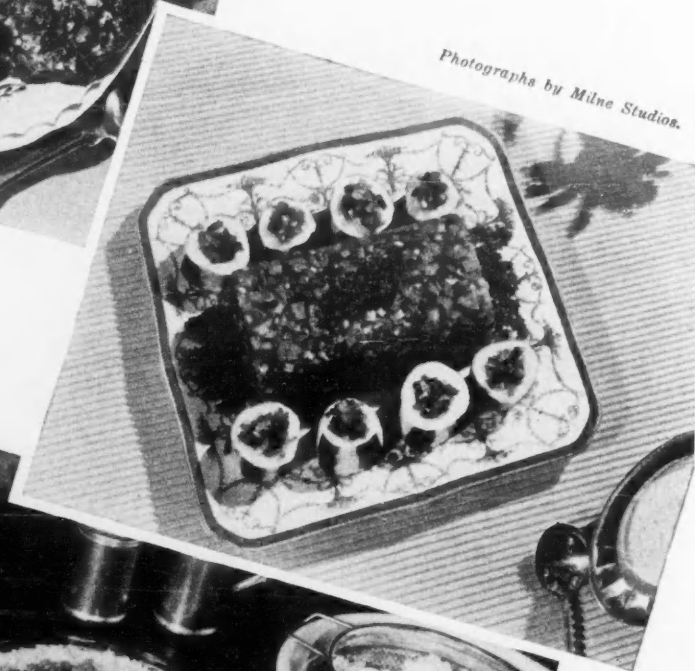
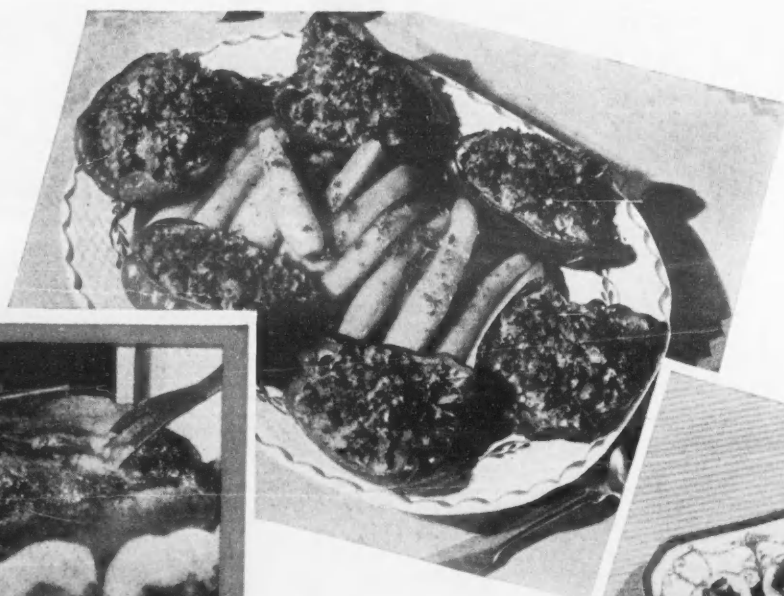
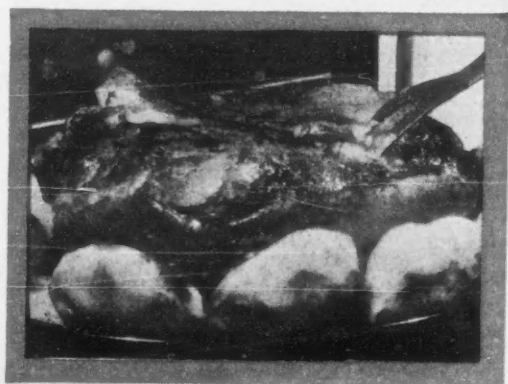
MADE IN CANADA

BISSELL

Only a Bissell has Hi-Lo Brush Control
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

by
HELEN G.
CAMPBELL

Photographs by Milne Studios.



Sunday's roast appears in three encores—in stuffed peppers, as a jellied meat loaf and a rice mold. All illustrative of the many variations possible with left-overs.

Three Cheers for Variety in Recipes

The Institute suggests three special ways of using four economical and delicious foods

VARIETY is the spice of life, they say; certainly it's half the enjoyment of eating and an important part of the economy program. So this month, instead of telling you a lot about one food, we're giving you a few suggestions for several. Two of them are left-overs—the roast beef which did noble duty on its first appearance as your Sunday dinner and the cream which has "turned" before you've used the whole bottle. The third is a nice, old-fashioned fruit with a well-liked flavor but an all-too-short season. And the fourth is a food of special dietary importance on account of the vitamins and iron it provides.

There are three recipes for each, to suggest the variety of service to which they lend themselves and to help you prolong your enjoyment of them.

Beef and Rice Mold

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 to 3 Cupfuls of cooked rice | 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley |
| 2 Cupfuls of minced cooked beef | 1 Teaspoonful of grated onion |
| 1 Teaspoonful of salt | 1 Egg |
| Pepper | Gravy or stock to moisten |

Line the bottom and sides of a buttered mold with the cooked rice. Combine the minced beef with the salt, pepper, parsley and onion, and add the beaten egg. Mix lightly but thoroughly and add gravy or stock to moisten to the desired consistency. Fill the centre of the mold with this mixture and top with a layer of the cooked rice. Cover with a lid, or with waxed paper, and steam for forty-five minutes. Serve, turned out on a hot serving dish, accompanied by tomato sauce. Six servings.

Baked Stuffed Green Peppers

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 3 Large or 6 small green peppers | 1 Medium onion |
| 1½ to 2 Cupfuls of ground cooked beef | 1 Tablespoonful of catsup |
| 1½ Cupfuls of crisp, flaked cereal | ½ Teaspoonful of salt |
| 1 Egg | Pepper |
| | 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter |

Wash the green peppers, remove the tops and the seeds and if large ones are used, cut them in halves lengthwise. Combine the minced meat with the cereal, add the beaten egg, the onion, catsup and seasonings. Moisten with the melted butter and stuff the prepared peppers with the mixture. Place the stuffed peppers in a baking pan with a little boiling water and bake in a moderate oven—350 to 375 deg. Fahr.—for about thirty minutes or until the peppers are tender and the stuffing nicely browned. Six servings.

If the peppers are strong, parboil them for five to seven minutes before filling with the meat mixture.

Jellied Beef Loaf

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine | ¼ Cupful of finely diced celery |
| ¼ Cupful of cold water | 1 Tablespoonful of horse-radish |
| 3 Cupfuls of stock, bouillon or gravy, diluted | ¼ Cupful of chopped pimiento |
| 3 Cupfuls of finely diced or ground cooked beef | Salt and pepper to taste |
| 1 Teaspoonful of minced onion | |

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the liquid, which has been heated to boiling, and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Cool and when the mixture begins to stiffen, add the remaining ingredients, combine thoroughly and turn into a cold, damp loaf

pan. Chill until firm and serve garnished with cucumber cups filled with chopped pickle. Ten to twelve servings.

Sour Cream Tarts

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Egg yolk | ½ Cupful of sour cream |
| ⅛ Teaspoonful of salt | ½ Cupful of chopped dates |
| ½ Cupful of sugar | |
| ½ Teaspoonful of flour | Flaky pastry |

Beat the egg yolk well, add the salt, sugar and flour, and mix well. Beat in the sour cream, then fold in the chopped dates. Line tart tins with rolled flaky pastry, fill two thirds full with the sour cream mixture and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—until lightly browned. Top with meringue made by beating the egg white with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little pure vanilla. Return to a slow oven—375 to 300 deg. Fahr.—until lightly browned.

Fruit Oatmeal Drops

- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1 Egg | ½ Teaspoonful of salt |
| 1 Cupful of sour cream | ½ Teaspoonful of baking soda |
| 1 Cupful of sugar | |
| 1½ Cupfuls of oatmeal | 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder |
| 1 Cupful of raisins | |
| ½ Cupful of chopped nuts | 1 Teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon |
| 1¾ Cupfuls of sifted flour | |
| ½ Teaspoonful of nutmeg | ☆ Continued on next page |

The Outsider

Continued from page 36

whatever blunders he might make in the world of everyday. She read on, and then, with the last words of the story, turned to look at Irene.

Irene was sitting with her knees drawn up, her arms about them and her head bowed upon them. Lucy let the story hang over them like a little spell for a while, and then went on to another.

It was quite late when they turned homeward. The sun lay in a long golden slant across the fields. They walked silently, arm in arm, warm and companionable. She wasn't sure of Irene's response to the stories, but as they neared the house Irene turned suddenly, "I see what you mean. I can't make him love me by just fretting about it, but if I—I—and somehow I loved those stories, though I've never been much for things like that before." There was a catch in her voice and she stepped ahead quickly.

After that Lucy and Irene and the children explored the countryside every day. They found green nooks in the woods where the pattern of shadow and sun played incessantly over them, and high open places with the sun and the deep grass and the running of the wind, and the dank flats of river sand where the little sandpipers ran peep-peeping. She watched these things soak into Irene's spirit as the sun into her skin. She took books with them too, something of Gerald's, or some old poems Elaine had loved.

Sometimes in the evenings they sang to the old organ in the sitting room. Gerald would hear them and come down from his writing and sing with his eyes closed, and Lucy knew what vision lay against his eyelids.

As they went about the housework together, Lucy taught Irene these songs that the family had loved for so long. Irene had a clear, rather sweet voice—though it did not seem to come from any depth—and her ear was quick. Lucy hoped that one day the birdlike singing would cut across Gerald's reminiscing and help to awaken him to Irene as a woman to be loved.

THE SUMMER days came and went, came and went. Lucy made sure that each one of them was overflowing with the great and eternal things that she wanted to become a part of the girl's personality. The wind and the rain, blue dawns with the ripe grass heavy with dew, mist-hidden mysterious days, and high translucent evenings with the first stars out, music and poetry and warm affection and laughter—everything that this old home had meant to her and Alfred, to Gerald and Elaine, she made sure that Irene had them too. She lavished them upon her—and waited. It was the world Gerald loved and worshipped the world of which Elaine had been, and if Irene could be brought to love it and become a part of it, that, she thought, was the surest way of bringing her close to Gerald.

The weeks went by and lengthened beyond a month, and everything Lucy put secondary to helping Irene in her love for the man Elaine had loved so well. She felt as though she were

somehow repaying life for all that Elaine had done for her. Irene was pretty to look at now; in the simple, delicately colored clothes that they had chosen together on several trips to town. Her hair hung rather long, in loose, yellow waves. Her step was light and easy without the overly high heels, and her face without make-up, but for the lightest touch of powder and lipstick, showed its appealing childlikeness. She was not yet twenty—pliant and eager and open because she was not yet even twenty.

Her manner had responded to the affection too, to Lucy's ceaseless efforts to make her feel one of them and at home. She was shy still, pleasantly so, but no longer tight and withdrawn and fearful. Perhaps more than anything, Lucy thought, she had been helped by the spontaneous, glad love of the children for her. It had warmed her life into a bright glow.

Gerald was deeply preoccupied these days with something he was writing, moving about with his eyes clouded with visions. "It is really about Elaine," he told Lucy. "It eases and quiets something in me to write it. I couldn't have written it anywhere but here, so it is to you I owe it."

When it is written, when it is outside of him, she thought, perhaps he will be ready for Irene. And by filling Irene's day she tried to keep her from tagging around after him, till he was ready with a spontaneous need of her.

IN THE middle of August, Gerald suggested to Alfred that they load the canoe and camp up the river for a week or two. He had just finished off something and had the idea he could do it best that way. Alfred was all eagerness, and the two of them drove into town for provisions. When they got back they all started collecting the camping outfit and putting it in order. Lucy remembered that it hadn't been out since the trip Gerald and Elaine had taken alone together the summer before last. As she unrolled the canvas bed to put in blankets, a little white linen handkerchief fell out from under the pillow. She picked it up quickly, glimpsing the "E" in the corner, and stuffed it into her bosom before Gerald or Irene noticed. It was painful there, it made her feel so sharply what she was doing, plotting to steal Elaine's memory from Gerald's heart.

They got up early next morning, and after breakfast she and Irene watched the men load the canoe and slip away up the smooth, misty river. The mist was running low and loose over the water, like fleeing ghosts. Irene looked wistfully after them, but her eyes were full of light because of the kiss Gerald had given her in parting.

Irene was like one suspended all the time they were gone. Sometimes she couldn't settle to anything, and then other times she'd bury herself desperately in Gerald's books, even the little green volume of love poems to Elaine, with the snap of Elaine pasted inside the cover.

"Do you think he'll ever feel that

☆ Continued on page 47



"More Please!"

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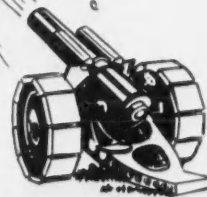
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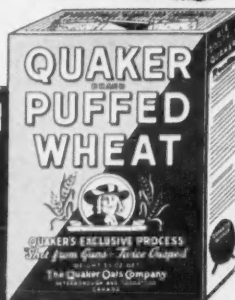
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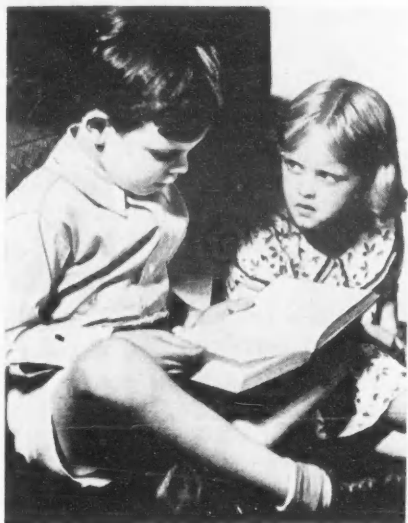


Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for July

| | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|--|--|
| 1 BREAKFAST <i>(Dominion Day)</i> Rhubarb Juice Waffles and Syrup Coffee Tea | LUNCHEON --, SUPPER Frankfurters in Rolls Mustard Pickles Cucumber Sandwiches Cheese Sandwiches Watermelon, Sour Cream Tarts Bottled Soft Drinks | DINNER <i>(Noon Dinner)</i> Grilled Sirloin Steak Parsley Potatoes Spinach Strawberry Ice Cream Cake Tea | 17 BREAKFAST Tomato Juice Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea | LUNCH or SUPPER Scrambled Eggs on Toast Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cookies Cocoa | DINNER Consommé Cold Roast Lamb Lyonnaise Potatoes Beet Greens Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea |
| 2(Sunday) Chilled Grapefruit Cereal Marmalade Bacon Toast Tea Coffee Tea | Casserole of Asparagus and Hard-cooked Eggs Brown Bread Fruits in Lime Jelly Small Cakes Iced Tea or Coffee | Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Tongue Potato Salad Tomatoes Stuffed with Cole Slaw Cherry Pie Tea | 18 Fresh Apricots Cereal Honey Bran Muffins Coffee Tea | Bean Soup Lettuce and Tomato Salad Crackers Cheese Jelly Cocoa Tea | Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Raspberries and Cream Cake Coffee Tea |
| 3 Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Coffee Tea | Celery Soup Sardine Salad Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa | Loin Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Blancmange with Jelly Coffee Tea | 19 Grapefruit Juice Bacon and Eggs Toast Coffee Tea | Baked Stuffed Green Peppers Brown Bread Rennet Custard, Fresh Berries Tea Cocoa | Fried Bass (or other small fish) Potato Chips Green Beans Cherry Pie Tea |
| 4 Strawberries Cereal Toasted Biscuits Marmalade Tea Coffee | Toasted Cheese Sandwiches with Bacon Curds Pickles Mixed Fruit Salad Tea Cocoa | Rolled Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Wax Beans Diced Fresh Pineapple Sponge Cake Tea | 20 Raspberries Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea | Casserole of Macaroni and Chipped Beef Cherries in Lemon Jelly Cake Cocoa Tea | Cream of Tomato Soup Frankfurters Mustard Mashed Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Creamy Rice Tea |
| 5 Sliced Oranges Cereal Pan-fried Small Fish Toast Tea Coffee | Parsley Omelet Toast Strawberries and Cream Cake Cocoa Tea | Tomato Bouillon Cold Roast Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Carrots Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea | 21 Chilled Watermelon Cereal Fish Cakes Toast Tea Coffee | Pilchard, Celery and Olive Salad Stewed or Canned Fruit Nut Bread Cocoa Tea | Spinach Ring with Creamed Eggs French-fried Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Black Currant Roly-poly Coffee Tea |
| 6 Stewed Rhubarb French Toast Syrup Tea Coffee | Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Lettuce and Cucumber Salad Chilled Rice Molds with Pineapple (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa | Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Beet Greens Lemon Snow Tea Coffee | 22 Half Grapefruit Cereal Jelly Scones Coffee Tea | Vegetable Soup Crackers Fresh Fruit Salad Cream Cheese Dressing Toasted Nut Bread Tea Cocoa | Grilled Wing Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Baked Custard Sprinkled with Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea |
| 7 Pineapple Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea | Asparagus Soup Crackers Salad Bowl with Cottage Cheese Balls Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa | Boiled Salmon Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea | 23 <i>(Sunday)</i> Cantaloupe Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Marmalade Coffee Tea | Assorted Sandwiches Celery Curds Carrot Strips Sugared Cherries Ice Cup Cakes Hot or Cold Drinks | Baked Back Bacon Parsley Potatoes Green Peas Raspberry Shortcake Coffee Tea |
| 8 Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Jelly Coffee Tea | Chilled Salmon (from Friday) Thousand Island Dressing Potato Salad Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa | Veal Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Sliced Cucumber and Onion Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea | 24 Orange Juice Cereal Honey Toast Coffee Tea | Canned Spaghetti Head Lettuce Salad Strawberries Tea Cocoa | Mushroom Soup Cold Baked Back Bacon Hashed Brown Potatoes Creamed Onions Rhubarb Tapioca Coffee Tea |
| 9 <i>(Sunday)</i> Grapefruit and Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Coffee Tea | Jellied Chicken (canned) Molds Cabbage, Pineapple and Nut Salad Rolls Fresh Cherry Tarts Tea Cocoa | Baked Ham Slice Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus Maple Nut Bavarian Cream Icebox Cookies Tea Coffee | 25 Stewed Gooseberries Pan-fried Small Fish Toast Coffee Jam Coffee Tea | Ramekins of Creamed Bacon and Hard-cooked Eggs Green Apple Sauce Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa | Liver Loaf Baked Potatoes Cole Slaw Cottage Pudding Blackberry Sauce Coffee Tea |
| 10 Orange Sections Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea | Macaroni and Cheese Brown Bread Stewed Fruit Cookies Cocoa Tea | Grilled Hamburger Cakes Mashed Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Tea Coffee | 26 Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea | Chicken Broth Jellied Vegetable Salad Berries and Cream Ice Cake (use pudding from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa | Shoulder Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Cherry Cobbler Tea Coffee |
| 11 Fresh Berries Bacon Toast Coffee Conserve Coffee Tea | Sliced Bologna Hashed Brown Potatoes Mustard Pickles Trifle (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa | Oxtail Soup Vegetable Plate (Potatoes au Gratin, Baked Tomatoes, Green Beans, Swiss Chard) Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea | 27 Cereal with Fresh Blueberries Wholewheat Muffins Syrup Tea Coffee | Sliced Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Sliced Cucumber and Onion Berry Tarts Tea Cocoa | Veal Curry with Boiled Rice Spinach Creamed Cauliflower Fruits in Orange Jelly Custard Sauce Tea Coffee |
| 12 Pineapple Juice Cereal Grilled Small Fish Toast Coffee Tea | Cream of Tomato Soup Devilled Egg Salad Bran Muffins Jam Tea Cocoa | Broiled Kidneys on Toast with Brown Sauce French-fried Potatoes Carrots Gooseberry Fool Tea Coffee | 28 Pineapple Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea | Casserole of Corn and Green Pepper Brown Rolls Chilled Melon Tea Cocoa | Baked Whitefish Scalloped Potatoes Swiss Chard Raspberry Pie Whipped Cream Tea Coffee |
| 13 Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea | Creamed Asparagus on Toast Onions Radishes Diced Watermelon with Lemon Cocoa Tea | Wing Steaks Buttered Noodles Cauliflower Gingerbread Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea | 29 Sliced Oranges Creamed Fish (from Friday) on Toast Tea Coffee | Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Fruit Cup Cookies Cocoa Tea | Grilled Kidneys and Bacon French-fried Potatoes Green Beans Blancmange Chocolate Sauce Tea |
| 14 Stewed Prunes Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea | Lobster Salad Brown Rolls Stewed Rhubarb Gingerbread (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa | Baked Fresh Mackerel Creamed Potatoes Green Peas Cherry Crisp Tea Coffee | 30 <i>(Sunday)</i> Fresh Blueberries Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Coffee Tea | Green Salad Bowl with Sliced Ham Rolls Buttered Bread French Toast Red Cherry Sauce Tea Cocoa | Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Raspberries and Cream Angel Cake Tea Coffee |
| 15 Orange Juice Cereal Jam Toast Coffee Tea | Cheese Toast and Bacon Dill Pickles Strawberries and Cream Wafers Cocoa Tea | Baked Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Wax Beans Jellied Prunes Custard Sauce Tea Coffee | 31 Fruit Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea | Chilled Canned Salmon Lettuce, Tomatoes and Cucumbers Baked Individual Custards Tea Cocoa | Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Potato Cakes Sautéed Eggplant Rhubarb or Apple Crisp Coffee Tea |
| 16 <i>(Sunday)</i> Strawberries Waffles Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee Tea | Cold Meat Loaf Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad Rolls Fruit Tarts Tea Cocoa | Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Parsley Carrots Vanilla Mousse Raspberry Sauce Coffee Small Cakes Tea | | | |

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month



What Are Your Plans For Them?

by
G. Elmore Reaman

IN A DEMOCRACY which decrees that every child shall attend school until he is sixteen years of age, it is inevitable that our schools shall be organized for the ninety per cent of pupils who do not go on to college. Valiant efforts are being made by Departments of Education to provide a type of training suited to the demands of modern life. This attempt to educate everyone is an expensive undertaking, in spite of the fact that schools are often expected to house up to two thousand students in one building and teachers to number forty to fifty students in their classes. Subjects and subject-matter, too, have increased greatly in the last few years, until the teacher in the regular schools finds himself pressed to cover the work required.

To meet this situation, the teacher sets his pace by what he considers satisfactory for the "average" child. He often has little knowledge of his pupils' background and less understanding of their emotional needs. Each child is a member of the class, rather than an individual who is different from every other individual. It is obvious that in large schools systems there is little time or place for children who deviate from the so-called "average" child. Such students often fall behind, even though they may have good mental equipment.

Progress in school is influenced by home and family relationships. The husband and father is so occupied with making a living that he has little time to give his children, while the wife and mother may belong to so many organizations, albeit worthy enough, that she has to leave the care of her children to others. The result is that the children grow up in a world of their own because they are left so much to their own devices.

The modern boy and girl are facing new and difficult conditions both in the home and in the school. Parents, in an effort to help both themselves and their children, are turning more and more to the private school. In private schools, the classes are usually small and the teachers are expected to take a personal interest in each student. Where a boy or girl is shy and retiring, perhaps unwilling to mix with other students, every effort is put forth to see that this shyness is overcome. The student body usually take care of the aggressive type, but under the direction of the staff. If a student

is not making the expected progress, he is carefully studied and methods are adopted to bring about the desired adjustment. Or he may have a special talent along some particular line and be hesitant to express it. In a friendly atmosphere, such special aptitude will blossom forth and give the individual a real objective in life.

The controlled environment which a residential school provides is the salvation of many a student who, in his home surroundings, finds himself unable to protect either his time or his energy from the social activities of his group. In too many homes, the radio, telephone, motor car and the like, interfere seriously with home preparation of schoolwork during the week, while week-end parties often make home study an impossibility. To pass any departmental examination, the student must do much concentrated work by himself, and the home frequently does not provide sufficient protection from distracting influences. In the private school the whole atmosphere is conducive to greater intellectual effort. Because there are no outside distractions, there is plenty of time not only for concentrated schoolwork but also for sports and extra-curricular activities. Private schools regard participation in sport as essential for all-round development, and the student is urged to find some game which he can enjoy and thus learn what teamwork means. It is the aim of private schools to see that each student develops an all-round personality, and the personal interest taken in each student usually accomplishes this end.

In a private school, a boy or girl has opportunity of meeting students from different environments from his own. They may come from other parts of the city he lives in, or from other provinces, or even other countries. This in itself is a broadening influence and many a friendship has been formed at private school which has proved exceedingly valuable in later life.

Worthwhile traditions and ideals play a very important part in the life of a private school. This influence does not cease with graduation. The enthusiasm to be found in graduate associations of private schools shows that it lasts throughout the lifetime of the students. This is perhaps the greatest contribution that a private school can make to the life of any boy or girl. ☆

"I am a Business Girl!"

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"And here is an interesting thing—perhaps the greatest inducement I have to save is my bank book itself, with its steadily growing cash balance."

(The Royal Bank has prepared a Budget Book that will be of use in helping other girls who want to save. Would you like a copy?)



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SUMMER AGAIN

So "Stick to Hot Weather Food, Your
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From a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 80th year.

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How can I, in my 82nd year, stand such extremes? My blood is vitalized and very fluid. This gives vitality, elasticity, flexibility and resistance to heart and brain, through which my vitalized blood circulates freely, maintaining in these vital organs a free supply of sustaining elements.

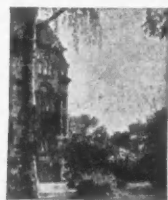
Why am I so resistant? I constantly guard my blood stream, build it out of foods that make it a life stream, not a disease and death-stream, as is the common habit.

My foods? One-third Dr. Jackson Meal (formerly Roman Meal) or my similar cereals, Bekus-Puddy and Lishus, one third fruits and milk, one third vegetables with cheese, cottage cheese or nuts. My only beverage is Kofy-Sub, richer in iron for the anaemic and under-nourished than anything else known to me, richer also in minerals that keep the blood fluid and vital to prevent the "all in" feeling on hot or cold days.

Kofy-Sub can be served iced. Dr. Jackson Meal, etc., can be cooked, refrigerated over night, then served cold for breakfast with fruit jelly and cream and in many other simple ways. All delicious and sustaining on hot days as a trial will prove, and assuredly constipation, especially serious on hot days, will be a thing of the past.

● Over half a million copies of Dr. Jackson's great book "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL" have been sold. If you are physically or mentally below par send \$3.00 for a copy and learn how to live yourself into absolute wellness as thousands and thousands of others have done.

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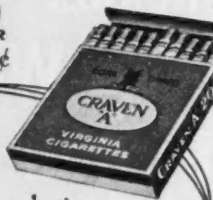
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A-39

Eyes to See

Continued from page 7

and the dark. Yet, too, it was as if the very contrast of that dark, in her mind, made each present moment stand out bright and clear.

She was intensely aware, now, of the slant of sunlight on a wall; of the faint green of trees; of the indescribable color of the sky above the city streets. But, most of all, she was aware of people; of faces thin and taut, or soft and hopeful and somehow the more pathetic. She found herself smiling when a girl looked up at her young man through slanted lashes; found herself feeling a rush of tenderness for them both, there in the windy street.

Absorbed in the world her heightened perception had opened to her, she scarcely noticed George's comments about how well the house was looking these days; nor even his remark that she seemed to be growing younger.

IT WAS not until the last evening before her dreaded appointment that her new awareness turned upon her husband. She'd got a planked steak for dinner. "And I'll buy the most colorful vegetables I can find," she planned. "They'll look so pretty on the silver platter." When she'd borne it in to the serving tray beside their festive small table, George was so appreciative that she felt a pang of contrition.

"Such ardor about food, I never saw," she said. "I must have been starving you, darling." And, while he carved, they produced a determined gaiety about that. But when he'd settled to his food and grown rather heavily silent, Lee found herself consciously seeing him as she hadn't for months. Surely those lines bracketing his mouth had never been so deeply marked. Her eyes moved over his face almost as though she were smoothing it out with her fingers. He looked, she realized, tired to death. "What's the matter, dear?" she asked. And, as if he heard some new tone in her voice, he looked up in a startled way.

"I'm all right, Lee," he said. "It's been tough going at the office lately, that's all. For a time, there, I thought we'd go on the rocks." He shook his head sighing. "But I think—no, I'm sure, we're going to make it now."

Those evenings when he'd sprawled with a book and she'd been bored and resentful, returned to accuse her. She'd thought him indifferent and even cruel in his self-absorption, when all the time he'd been shut away from her by the wall of his own trouble and fear. "But why didn't you tell me?" she demanded.

He smiled across at her and some of the lines went away. "I didn't want to worry you, sweet. Don't think I don't know how swell you've been, sticking at home evening after evening because I was too tired to go out. And never saying a word of criticism. You're—there aren't any words for understanding like that. I never have to tell you anything." He put his hand over hers and gripped it hard. "That's why I love you so," he said.

Lee stared at him, thinking he must

be trying deliberately to shame her. Then she saw that he believed what he said. It wasn't stupidity. It was simply the unshakable faith George would have in her. It wouldn't be possible for him to conceive of her as being selfish and resentful. She got to her feet quickly, muttering something about dessert, and managed to reach the kitchen before her tears came.

DR. GRAYSON said, "But, Mrs. Martin, I'm awfully sorry. Your manner was so casual last week that I didn't dream you had misunderstood me. I thought I explained that glasses would do you no good because this blind spot was caused by some toxic in your system. It has, in this interval, cleared up a good deal. Now all we need do is find out what is at the root of the trouble and correct it. There was never the slightest chance that you would be blind."

There was more, before Lee was able to get away, able to reach the elevator and then the street. She stood in the entrance of the building, supporting herself against the doorway. Wave upon wave of relief flowed over her, shaking her. "There was never the slightest chance that you would be blind." She repeated the words aloud and did not notice when a passing girl stared at her curiously. Across the tree tops of the Park the sun was setting in splendor, but she did not see it.

Striding downtown, her whole body tremulous with happiness, she was jostled by the crowds of home-going workers but remained unconscious of them as if she walked alone. As she swung buoyantly along, an old woman, with the shrunken body of age and hunger and a face Van Gogh might have painted, tried to cross the street, then turned back, in frightened uncertainty, to the safety of the curb. Lee, shut in the tunnel of herself, did not notice.

Her chin up, her eyes fixed unseeing straight ahead, her mind centred firmly upon herself and her own deliverance, she turned into her own street.

When the little man with the key rings said: "Good evening," eagerly, she jerked her head up, her gaze blank. As she stared at him she saw his mouth tighten, his face take on a shut-up look. The instant while their eyes met, and held, seemed a long time. Then Lee smiled warmly. "Spring's really come at last, hasn't it?" she said. It was enough.

As she went on she marvelled at the narrow margin of her escape. "There was never the slightest chance that you would be blind," she murmured, feeling incredulous.

The forsythia bush still bloomed by the church, undamaged by the recent cold. She stopped to enjoy it for a moment, then hurried with eagerness into her house. George would be home soon and she had a great deal to do before he came. Awareness need not dim because it was shut within four walls. And awareness was, in the end, the only important thing.

☆☆



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Established 1874

A Residential School for Girls

Beautiful situation in 100 acres of grounds. Complete Modern Education in attractive cultured environment. Public school to Honour Matriculation. Music, Art, Household Science, Secretarial Courses and Dramatics. Swimming Pool and Gymnasium. Resident Mistress of Physical Education—supervised Winter and Summer Sports. Riding on quiet country roads—Reopens September 12th.

For Calendar apply to Principal,
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LADIES'
COLLEGE**

*A
Residential
and Day
School for
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Founded 1869

Courses from Primary to Honour Matriculation, Music, Art and Handicraft, Dramatics, Secretarial Course, Physical Education, Winter and Summer Sports.

Fall Term begins Wednesday, Sept. 13th
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Child Attend This Fall?**

*If this question presents
a problem to you,
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waiting in the park without shelter during a downpour. He was a father before he was a King.

Of Course They'll Come Again, say the optimistic. Premier MacKenzie King's speech at Quebec mentioned this "first" visit. But an old Maori Chieftain told the King, when he was Duke of York and touring New Zealand, "You are as a white swan that flies but once in a lifetime." Great events do not happen every day. But when they do occur they echo down years and leave their imprint on a people. The Royal Visit to Canada was a Great Event!

by KENNETH WILSON

Red Chamber of the Upper House in Quebec City—a few minutes after she had first set foot on Canadian soil.

Too few of us in Canada have been privileged to see the dignity and majesty which Elizabeth can bring to her queenly station. What most of us have seen is the lovely lady who, in rain or shine, in crowds or in private conversation, is invariably smiling and charming, always intensely human and interested in what is going on around her. A person who has that rare knack of putting herself in the other person's place.

That, I believe, more than anything else is the secret of the Queen's success. As one eminent British correspondent said to me, "If she were plain Miss Jones and came into a room and talked to you, you would still think she was wonderful. Her mother had the same rare charm—both of them would endear themselves to you because they thought never of themselves but always of you and what you were interested in. The Queen has to an unusual degree the faculty of projecting herself into your situation. She is genuinely interested in what you are doing, what you are thinking.

It is this more than anything else which has made possible her conquest of Canadian hearts. This, I think, is the secret of how she is able to appear so charming and radiant day after day, week after week. Had it not been for this unflinching interest in other people I am sure that long before we said good-bye to them at Halifax, some note of boredom, some evidence of forced enthusiasm would have made itself apparent. I am sure also that Canadians themselves would have sensed any superficiality.

But radiance and charm require something more than an interest in one's fellow men.

How did the Queen keep herself fit? How did she keep so beautifully dressed?

There was little opportunity for keeping fit in the hectic Canadian and U.S. tour. On the rare occasions when they could get a few minutes to themselves, both the King and Queen set out for stiff walks in the mountains or along the roads. For instance, several times when the Royal train was crossing the prairies a special stop was made while the King and Queen went for a brisk walk along the tracks. At least once the Queen surprised everyone by running at top speed along the track. Whenever they were able to snatch a few minutes to themselves—at Ottawa, at Banff and at Jasper—they went for walks in the country.

So far as the rigid and exacting rou-

tine of this Canadian tour permitted, both the King and Queen (as usual) practiced moderation. They have to be moderate in their living habits to stand the strain. When the Queen refused a dessert or merely nibbled at her fish course she did it in the same way and for the same reasons that you and I would, if we were forced to partake of ten- or twelve-course meals at least twice a day. The Queen gave evidence of an excellent appetite during her trip. She enjoyed new dishes—especially those that were peculiarly Canadian—and found her Canadian menus appetizing and enjoyable.

Simplicity and moderation plus infinite attention to detail governed the Queen's boudoir and clothing arrangements. She had two ladies-in-waiting with her for the Royal visit but neither of these had anything to do with dressing the Queen or any personal details of that sort. Lady Nunburnholme, who was the Queen's Lady of the Bedchamber, was charged primarily with being in attendance on the Queen at public functions. Lady Seymour, who is known officially as a Woman of the Bedchamber, assisted the Queen's secretary, Lord Airlie, with official correspondence.

Arrangement of clothes and responsibility for seeing that the Queen had everything she needed to wear, in perfect order, fell entirely on the Queen's two personal "dressers," most important of whom was Miss Catharine Maclean (known as Katta) a dark-haired Scotswoman with kindly blue eyes who has been with the Queen since she was eleven years old.

Being thoroughly feminine, the Queen exercised (in moderation) the right to choose her clothes according to the whim or mood of the moment. Prior to official stops the usual routine (as nearly as I could ascertain) was for Katta to have ready two or three alternative costumes. If the day was cloudy or threatening, one of these would be appropriate for rain. In any event there was room for choice.

I think it is generally agreed (and my own observations as a mere male abundantly confirm this) that the Queen dresses to be attractive rather than to be "smart." Time and again the hawk-eyed observers of the press have come away from a function wildly enthusiastic about how lovely the Queen looked but not one of them could say exactly what she had on.

You remember the Queen and how lovely she looked rather than the smartness of the costume itself.

Perhaps a woman has to have much natural charm to do that sort of thing. But personally I think it is a tip which many ladies—young and old—might follow with profit and with mutual benefit to themselves and their male admirers.

About the more personal matters—hair, make-up and so forth—it seems well established despite the Official Secrets Act, that the Queen has never had a "permanent" and has never had her hair cut. Her personal hairdresser has attended her for over twenty years. He is reported to use the old-fashioned curling irons and his own special brand of shampoo.

The Queen has a really marvellous natural "bloom" and complexion. I was told she does not use lipstick, but

☆ Continued on page 47

Fruit is Plentiful!

**MAKE JAM OR JELLY
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BETTER * RESULTS**

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Under the label of every bottle of Certo there is a book of 72 tested recipes for jams, jellies, marmalades and conserves. Since different fruits need different handling, Certo gives you a separate recipe for each fruit... Be sure to follow each recipe exactly.

* What are the most important qualities in jam or jelly? Taste, texture and colour rate highest. And judges in exhibitions and contests usually allow 75 out of a possible score of 100 for taste and texture alone!

Certo gives you a good start in fresh, natural taste as well as colour, because you can use luscious, fully-ripe fruit instead of the under-ripe fruit commonly used in old-fashioned jam and jelly making.

The tested Certo recipes all ensure a firm desirable texture.

That is why 3 out of 4 jelly champions use Certo.

FAIR ENOUGH!

—by C. A. Voight



NEVER MIND, DAD, COME ON TO THE DINER, I'VE A BETTER IDEA—YOU SHOULDN'T LET YOURSELF GET INTO A CONDITION WHERE YOU NEED THOSE EMERGENCY CATHARTICS—YOU PROBABLY DON'T GET ENOUGH "BULK"—YOU SHOULD EAT **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!**

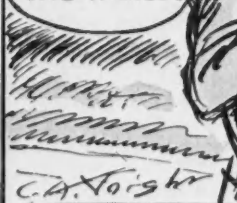


SAY! THIS SURE DOES BEAT THE MEDICINES—IT'S **GOOD PEGGY!** YES, AND IF YOU'LL EAT **ALL-BRAN** EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER, THE WORLD WILL LOOK A WHOLE LOT BRIGHTER



SOMETIME LATER

I FEEL FIFTY YEARS YOUNG, PEGGY, —NOT A TROUBLE IN THE WORLD!



CAN I TAKE JUST A LITTLE CREDIT FOR THAT IDEA ABOUT **ALL-BRAN?**



Doesn't this sound like common sense about constipation? Instead of enduring it first and trying to cure it afterward, why not avoid both the trouble and the treatment by getting at its cause? You can do it, if your difficulty is the ordinary one (too little "bulk" in the diet). The way is to eat a crisp, ready-to-eat cereal that is particularly rich in "bulk"—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and "Join the 'Regulars.'" Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada. In two convenient size packages at your grocers.



Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Now That They're

Home Again

Continued from page 8

by MOLLIE McGEE

Queen of Winnipeg was not the only one that went travelling. A former Privy Councillor's topper attended every function in Ottawa and Toronto, on different heads, and its comings and goings were as carefully listed by the family—who had given rash promises to friends—as a cargo of bullion by a bank.

Montreal officials' wives held a gathering and called in a fashion expert to advise them on their clothes for Civic functions, to be sure all would be correct. She was a wise and much travelled woman who frowned diplomatically on extremes. The original idea, thought out by one or two, of wearing coronets of tiny fairy lights attached to invisible batteries in their coiffures, never reached fruition. Montreal was beautifully groomed, and even the rumored vivid shades had been toned down to palest pastel when the great occasions actually arrived.

We Found Little Things Mattered Most, for it was almost technicalities that made or spoiled the few hours Their Majesties were with us. The speed of their car was of greatest importance—most of us wished the routes had been shorter so they could have driven more slowly. We were thrilled when they ordered the top down on drizzly rainy days in the West so that we might not be disappointed. We resented many drastic regulations imposed by our police under advisement from Scotland Yard but we are deeply thankful for the precautions that have prevented any major casualty in the immense crowds.

The Children Were First as officials had requested they should be. Thousands and thousands of them lined routes, were gathered in parks and waved flags by railroad tracks. They didn't need to be taught how to cheer nor was their first glance critical. For them a Fairy Tale had come to life, and they were enjoying it to the full extent.

Little white clad girls who presented bouquets, and stalwart Boy Scouts, have new ideals Hollywood will never be able to displace. When the Queen spoke in French to two tiny tots who offered her a giant bouquet in Quebec then turned to their companion and spoke to her in English, she taught a bilingual lesson few teachers could equal.

Waving a flag amid a multitude of children in Kildonan Park in Winnipeg was one little Icelandic girl of six holding by the hand, her smaller brother Anthony. The teacher at Camp Morton 60 miles away had found them outside her door at a quarter to five in the morning. They had walked three miles in the rain to be sure not to miss seeing the Royal visitors. Little German, Polish, Ukrainian and Jugoslavic children came in by truckload from tiny farms.

As the Royal car passed, the Queen asked that it be slowed down to a mere crawl. She smiled and waved as did the King. But later he was seen frowning as he talked to an official. He wanted to know if the children had been kept

★ ★ ★

Look

what's coming to the
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TRANSPORTATION & COMMUNICATIONS YEAR

DABENHAM GIRLS' PIPE BAND

HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL MARINE BAND

"LUCKY" TETER CRASH EXPERTS

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FIVE LEADING DANCE BANDS

Famous industries—powerful nations of science and the magic of electricity. The Exhibition is truly "the Show Window of the Nations"—a collection of treasures and attractions gathered from all parts of the world.

CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Toronto
AUG 25-SEPT 9
1939

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General Manager

★ ★ ★

personally I find that statement hard to believe. Certainly the combined result is as lovely and natural as one could wish for.

The Queen has the very feminine habit of using her hands a great deal and in a very effective and attractive way. Just try yourself to "carry off" successfully the queenly gesture of the hand with which she acknowledges the cheers of the crowd.

She pats her hair, fiddles with her gorgeous pearl necklaces and with her fingernails just as any woman loves to—but withal she never loses dignity and charm in so doing.

I suppose the stories which will be told our children and our grandchildren about this Queen of ours, will be lovely ones and legion.

For myself the story which I shall never weary of telling is my own impression of the way in which she toasts

her royal husband's health. Let me tell you.

It was the first time I had had the honor of drinking a toast to Their Majesties—in person. As I was in the front row of a balcony overlooking the royal table I had brought along a powerful pair of binoculars. For an hour and a half I had had the opportunity to study with rather appalling intimacy every gesture they made.

At the close of the banquet the toastmaster rose and gave us: "The King." The orchestra played the familiar refrain as we stood with eyes rivetted on Their Majesties. When it was over, the King made an almost imperceptible gesture toward his Queen. She turned toward him, lifted her glass and drank his health. I shall never forget that sight. She seemed to be wishing with all her heart and soul that God would Save Her King. ☆

The Outsider

Continued from page 41

way about me?" She looked up wistfully. "I'd do anything—"

Lucy laughed, bent down and touched her bright hair. "You've done quite enough."

After the sixth day that the campers had been away it began to rain. It poured. The whole summer seemed to break up into wind and rain. Lucy thought perhaps they'd try to outstay it, but, as though grasping at the excuse, they arrived back the first night, drenched, exhausted and ravenous, after a hard fast paddle all day against the current.

It was late and Irene had gone up to bed. They came stamping into the kitchen, the water rolling off them, and sloshing on the floor when Lucy tried to help them out of their things. Gerald was coughing, and he had on his face the most letdown, lugubrious expression she had ever seen. He kept looking about him for something or someone, and she didn't realize for whom it was until Irene appeared in her dressing gown, and came over to him shyly and eagerly. Those deerlike eyes of hers were very wide and full of lamplight. Her hair hung silkily and the long blue dressing gown clung about her.

"It's good to see you," Gerald said almost sharply, and leaned forward to kiss her without his wetness touching her. Lucy saw his face change, as though he were a child who had thought he hadn't any mother and now suddenly found that he had. It was that kind of look, a naive, surprised relief and pleasure.

At last Gerald went off to bed with his arm about Irene. He had only laughed and chatted of many things, but Lucy could see how it was. He had finished what he was writing, and after the tension a great flood of loneliness had broken over him, as great a loneliness as he had felt when he had married Irene. But now, as though something had been emptied from him, he needed real human warmth, a real person to come to, and here was the Irene whom Lucy had nurtured so carefully on all she knew of his dreams and desires. It was funny that Lucy's triumph should take the shape of a sudden desolation.

Passing their door on her way to

bed, she heard Irene crying, very softly, the pleasant sort of crying that a woman does for a man, so unlike those dry, broken-hearted sobs she had once heard through this door. And mingled with the crying were Gerald's words, gentle and coaxing. At last Irene was shedding tears that Gerald would kiss away.

AFTER THAT Lucy found herself eager for them to leave. They got up and went swimming together in the early mornings. They wandered together in the woods. Lucy tried to get back to her own affairs, but somehow couldn't with them around. It was as though they disrupted, with their new-found happiness, the magical brooding atmosphere with which Elaine had helped to invest this place.

She watched them later, playing with the children. Irene was sitting in the grass, and Gerald standing gazing down at the little group. He said presently, "You love children, don't you?"

She looked up at him, sunlight crinkling and filling her eyes. "Yes, Gerald—don't you?"

"I'm sure I shall." He bent lower and touched her yellow hair, and their laughing gazes held a long moment.

And here was something that they would share that Gerald and Elaine together had not had.

They left soon after that. Relieved, Lucy went out to the lawn, still dewy with early morning, and waved them good-by till they vanished, waving and laughing, around the bend.

She went slowly back toward the house. It was September now, and the full heat of the morning seemed loath to begin. There was a liquid freshness in the air and the fragrance of new-cut hay. She was glad she had helped the girl and that Gerald had responded. She supposed men had to be that way, or life couldn't go on. But in this old home of their childhood, where Elaine at eight had built them a dream world against all loneliness and disaster, where Elaine at eighteen had told, while her brown eyes flooded with golden light, of her love for a wonderful young writer—here there could be no passing on and away from her who was forever the very spirit of the place. ☆

"Little Miss Mischief" TODAY..



Help her to be a "Fairy Princess" TOMORROW!

Every mother looks forward to the day when her grown-up daughter will be vivacious, charming, glowing with the beauty of health—a "Fairy Princess" indeed. Such qualities develop most often in girls who sparkle with vitality. But health takes time to build. Help your daughter to happiness in her twenties by laying the groundwork *now*, in her formative years.

Encourage your children to follow these simple rules of healthful living

- 1 **Outdoor exercise and play:** Sunlight, fresh air, and exercise are the best tonics for your children. Play develops ability to co-operate with others.
- 2 **Correct clothing:** Tight, constricting clothing is unhealthful. Watch your fast-growing children carefully. Be sure clothes, and particularly shoes, are big enough.
- 3 **Plenty of sleep:** School-age children should sleep at least ten hours a day in a room with plenty of fresh air.
- 4 **Proper diet:** Give your children plenty of fruits, vegetables, milk, and, of course, whole wheat. They'll enjoy whole wheat in the form of Kellogg's delicious, new cereal, ALL-WHEAT. Yet hidden in these crispy, tasty flakes are many elements children need. Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT is richer in protein than most cereals—in vitamin B₁, iron, and phosphorus, too. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's ALL-WHEAT today. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.



Here's the Actual Nourishment Your Child Gets from ALL-WHEAT:

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| Protein (to build and repair tissue)..... | 8.0% |
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The fascinating loveliness of a baby's skin cherished so tenderly with Baby's Own Soap, lends its charm to women who follow this simple, babyhood beauty routine. Generations of lovely women have proved this and gladly pay the extra trifle for this exquisitely pure Beauty Soap.



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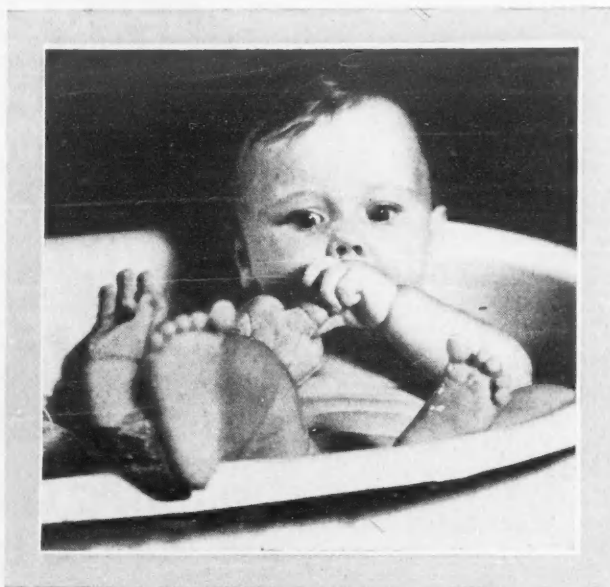
Those wonderful sandwiches you make in a moment with delicious Paris Paté. Nothing nicer for luncheons, picnics, between-meals—any time.



**GET IT AT
YOUR GROCERS**

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH



THE BABY IN SUMMERTIME

WITH JULY comes heat, and heat, especially if accompanied by much moisture in the air, is particularly trying to a baby. What can be done to increase the baby's comfort, to forestall illness, and lessen the worries of the young mother?

The bath, the clothing and the food are all-important. In addition to the usual morning bath, frequent spongings add to the baby's comfort. These may be given at any time, and the mother need not be too particular about the drying of the infant's skin. The evaporation of the water helps to cool the skin.

In the heat of summer the less clothes the better. Often the baby's clothing may be limited to a diaper, to which may be added a cotton shirt and other garments as the sun sinks in the west. Care must be taken that the little one does not get sunburned. Sun tan must be given extremely gradually to small children. Out-of-doors in the shade is the ideal spot for children in the hottest weather. One must be on the watch for sudden changes of temperature, so that the baby is not chilled.

The summer diet is of the highest

importance. The baby that is nursed from the mother's breast is in a happy position compared to the one that is artificially fed. Breast milk is pure, free from germs of disease, and more readily digested than any cows' milk mixture. The breastfed baby has a three to one chance over the one artificially fed.

If artificial feeding cannot be avoided, the best mixture is pasteurized cows' milk, boiled water, and sugar or corn syrup, in proper proportions according to age. Orange or other fruit juice is begun at three months. Cod-liver oil, so necessary in fall, winter and spring, is not required in summer. The ultra-violet rays of the summer sun take the place of cod-liver oil. Extreme care must be taken in the cleansing of bottles, nipples and other accessories to artificial feeding.

In hot weather the baby should have plenty of water to drink. If a tiny pinch of salt is added to the glassful of water, thirst is more readily quenched. July is one of the most trying months of the year to little babies, but good common sense on the part of the mother will overcome the difficulties. ☆

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—What is the best treatment for whooping cough? My four-year-old daughter has it very badly.

Answer—The only treatment that seems to be of much value in whooping cough is life in the fresh air and the use of a vaccine, which is supplied free by most up-to-date health departments. Ask your doctor about it. I have seen some brilliant results from its use.

* * *

Question—My baby is four weeks old. He is on a formula of 14 oz. milk,

14 oz. water and two teaspoonfuls maltose. He seems hungry but vomits up his food sometimes, especially if given orange juice. Please advise.—(Mrs.) H. B., London, Ont.

Answer—As your baby by this date will be over one month old you might put him on 15 oz. each of milk and water adding one oz. granulated sugar. This in seven feedings at three-hour intervals. He may have one teaspoonful of cod-liver oil at the beginning of each of three feedings. Orange juice should be begun at three months. I enclose feeding plan for a year. ☆



YOUR BABY

At Teething Time..

If baby loses that sunny smile, grows fretful and feverish, the little system may need the gentle help of Steedman's Powders. Steedman's, the standby of mothers for more than 100 years, promotes regular bowel action, cleanses the system, relieves colic and feverish conditions. A safe laxative for babies and growing children. At your druggist's.

FREE BOOKLET

"Hints to Mothers" on request. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. 8, 442 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal. 66R

**Give STEEDMAN'S
From Teething to Teens POWDERS**
Look for the double EE symbol on the package.

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

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It saps your baby's strength. Lowers his resistance to disease. Leaves him a prey to other sicknesses. Regulate the bowels and banish it immediately.

Read the experience of Mrs. Edith Stroud, of Brown's Line P.O., Ont.: "I have nine children, have not had one serious illness among them, and owe this to Baby's Own Tablets. For diarrhoea they are invaluable. They quickly clear up the cause."

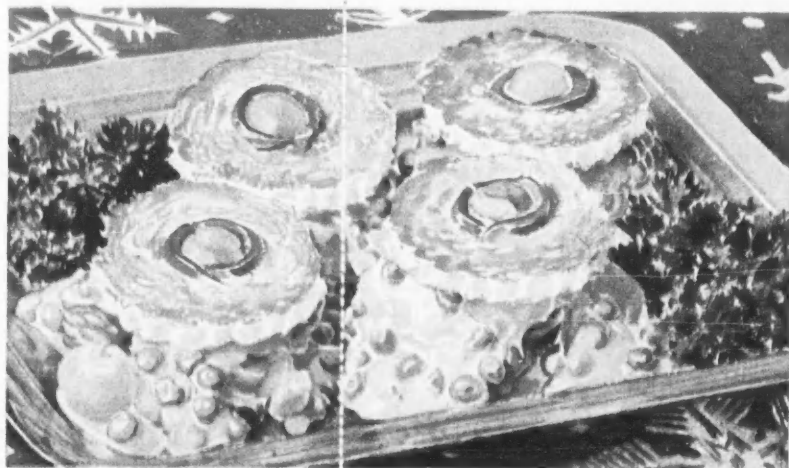
Promptly effective, also, in cases of simple fever, colds, colic, upset stomach, constipation, simple croup, indigestion and teething troubles.

Free of stupefying drugs and opiates. Easy to take as candy. Safe and harmless. Analyst's report in every box. Get a package today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.



Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum—known to mothers for over 60 years—give baby's skin ideal care. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Buy today—each 25¢—at your druggist's.

Clip these summertime work-savers!



Spring Vegetable Shortcake. Make cheese sauce the easy Kraft way: slowly melt 1 package of Kraft Velveeta in the top of a double boiler. Gradually stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Add 1 cup cooked peas and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tiny cooked onions. On each of 4 toast rounds place 2 stalks of hot buttered asparagus. Cover with the cheese sauce and vegetable mixture. Top with toast rounds from which you have cut a center circle. Put a small cooked onion in each center circle and border it with a pimiento strip. Garnish with parsley. Use this easy recipe for that "one hot dish" on a warm day.



Nutritious, tempting meals are easy...with Kraft Cheese! Just a few minutes' play with the double boiler and you can produce "that one hot dish"! Or as quickly whisk together satisfying cold platters...salads...sandwiches! Kraft Cheese lets you skimp on work and still keep your meals nutritious.

It takes more than a gallon of whole milk to make a single pound of cheese. This food supplies protein, valuable milk minerals, energy units, Vitamin A. Something to keep in mind for warm-weather menu plans. Stock up on Kraft varieties!



Luncheon Tray. For the salads, peel the tomatoes and in each one make five, equally-spaced incisions. Slip a crisp cucumber slice and two or three radish slices in each incision. Arrange on crisp lettuce. For the "main part" of your meal-on-a-tray, arrange slices of spiced ham and golden Kraft Canadian. Garnish with ripe and stuffed green olives.

To this simple, cool meal the Kraft Cheese brings valuable nutrition: Milk protein...milk minerals...energy units...Vitamin A. And rich flavor, too! Remember, when you buy Kraft Canadian you always get the uniform flavor only Kraft Master Blending can give. Look for the Kraft name when you buy!



It beats all how much youngsters know these days!

I had a young visitor named Bill, about age eight I guess. His mother said it was his own idea that they stop off to see the Kraft plant on their way through town.

She was specially interested in our method of Master Blending and how it insures uniform flavor and cooking quality.

"Bill loves the smooth sauce I make with your Canadian cheese. I use it a lot on vegetables," she said.

But when we came to the pasteur-

izing rooms our young visitor got talkative...in fact, he took most of my speech right out of my mouth. "This is very important, Mother," he said. "We heard about pasteurization in school. They do it to milk to protect us. And, look, Kraft does it to cheese!"

I say it does beat all how much youngsters know these days! Maybe we ought to be advertising our pasteurizing process to them, so they'll tell their mothers.

... Report of Kraft Guide T. J.

The world's favorite cheeses are made
or imported by **KRAFT**



Strawberry and Pineapple Salad. On crisp lettuce place a slice of pineapple. Cut strawberries in half lengthwise; place 6 halves on the pineapple slice. Add another slice of pineapple and garnish it with 6 strawberry halves, placed with the points to the outside. Slightly soften "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. Force the fluffy light cheese through a pastry tube to fill the center of each salad. Serve the salads with Kraft French Dressing or Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. (Be sure to use genuine "Philadelphia" Brand—the cream cheese that's guaranteed fresh! It is made exclusively by Kraft and sold only in the 3-ounce silver-foil packages.)



Make These Yourself

by MARIE LE CERF

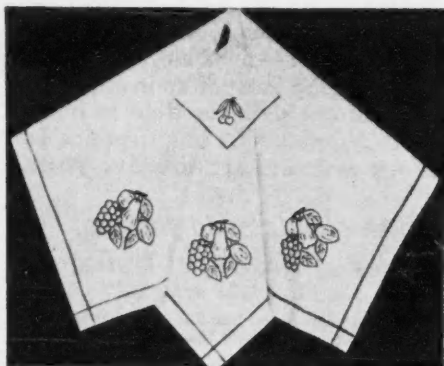
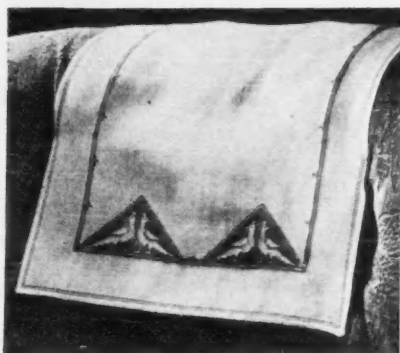


C668—A lovely cushion—the work in buttonhole and chain stitch to blend with background, or we will send special colors to blend with your room. Stamped on black, French rose, midnight blue, olive green or old gold taffeta, size 18 inches, back and front are priced at \$1.25; on deep écarpe crepe linen at 75 cents, cottons for working, 25 cents, and a form can be supplied at 50 cents.

C633—"Good Night" bird cage cover—stamped in finest black English poplin, 31 inches square, complete with green binding for edges and cottons for working, 75 cents.



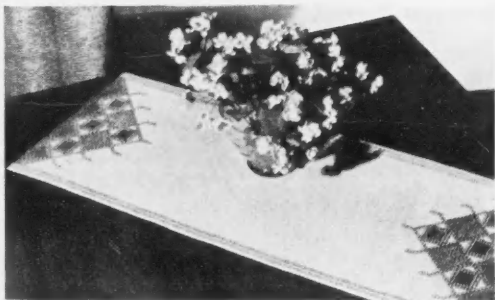
C667—Chair back and arm rests in the new cross-stitch relief work. Stamped on heavy cream linen, cross-stitch in color desired is used for filling in the triangular background—the birds standing out in the plain linen. A large set, it is priced at 60 cents; cottons for working (please state color), 10 cents.



C665a—"Luscious fruits" luncheon set—so cool to look at and easy to work in simple stitches, you will love this for summer teas or luncheons. Stamped on white, cream, green or yellow linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes is priced at \$1.50; a 45-inch set can also be supplied but in white or cream only—price \$2. Cottons for working, in natural colors, 25 cents.

C669—Fingertip initialled towels. Stamped on Irish linen in white, green or yellow, 12 x 18 inches, tiny hems are required down each side and a single hemstitching at hems. Price per pair, 50 cents, including cotton for working in color desired.

C670—Cross-stitch runner in conventional design—to be worked in two shades of any color. Stamped on cream or white Irish linen, size 18 x 45 inches, it is priced at 75 cents; cottons for working (please state color), 20 cents.



Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.

As an Editor Sees it—

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS



"To Remember Them Always"

I WISH it had been possible to publish some of the personal experiences and reactions of our readers during the triumphant Royal Tour. So many of them, as brought to us in friendly letters, were records of haunting moments of beauty. Here is one impression which will have to do service for many others. It comes from Mélanie Benett of Montreal, whose short stories are so well known to you through the pages of this magazine. "I wonder," she writes, "if everyone in Canada felt as we did in Montreal—as though we'd all been through the most devastating, the most terrific and universal crisis of emotion? Nothing had prepared us for the Queen's almost transparent beauty, the sheer brilliance of her smile, the radiant vitality of her. And the King has a fineness, a clear, sharp 'coin-cut' look. His hands are beautiful, lean and sensitive, a little nervous in their gestures, but not restless. It's a very strange and wonderful feeling to stand up and sing 'God Save the King,' while that pale, grave young man, with a blue ribbon across his shirt front, and an order gleaming beneath the row of medals on his lapel, stood with bent head, listening . . . I feel that the sight of the King and Queen catches at one's heart like pain, so that we will remember them always."



Now That They're Home

WE FELT, in this issue, as if, with the excitement and daily news of the tour over, and their Majesties reunited with their excited little daughters, we could sit back and talk over the little details. Every woman enjoys that feminine "after the ball" mood of looking back—not on the big moments only, but on the small things which are so easily overlooked in the excitement of the moment. Kenneth R. Wilson, of The MacLean Publishing Company, was a member on the Pilot train, and travelled the thousands of miles in all the excitement. We asked him particularly, to watch the Queen for us, and tell us how she managed, and what was her magical gift of conquest? And as Mollie McGee dashed across from London to see the Royal Tour herself, we asked her to add to her notable group of articles (beginning with the Silver Jubilee of King George V, and the Coronation of his son) to give us another of her unusual, intensely human pictures.



Fiction To Enjoy

THREE particularly delightful short stories are grouped for your enjoyment in this issue. Most of you will remember "The Dress with the Blue Flowers" by Dorothy Roberts Leisner, her first short story published. Now we present her second, "The Outsider." Mrs. Leisner, who is a niece of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, has the knack of writing with rare understanding about very human people . . . Dedicated to every mother is the hilarious story "Wonderful for the Children." What's so wonderful? Why a holiday—of course. With the children. At a cottage. If you've ever had this experience, you'll delight in Eve Burkhardt's story. So will your husband. Earmark the story and let the family read it. Maybe it will teach them something!

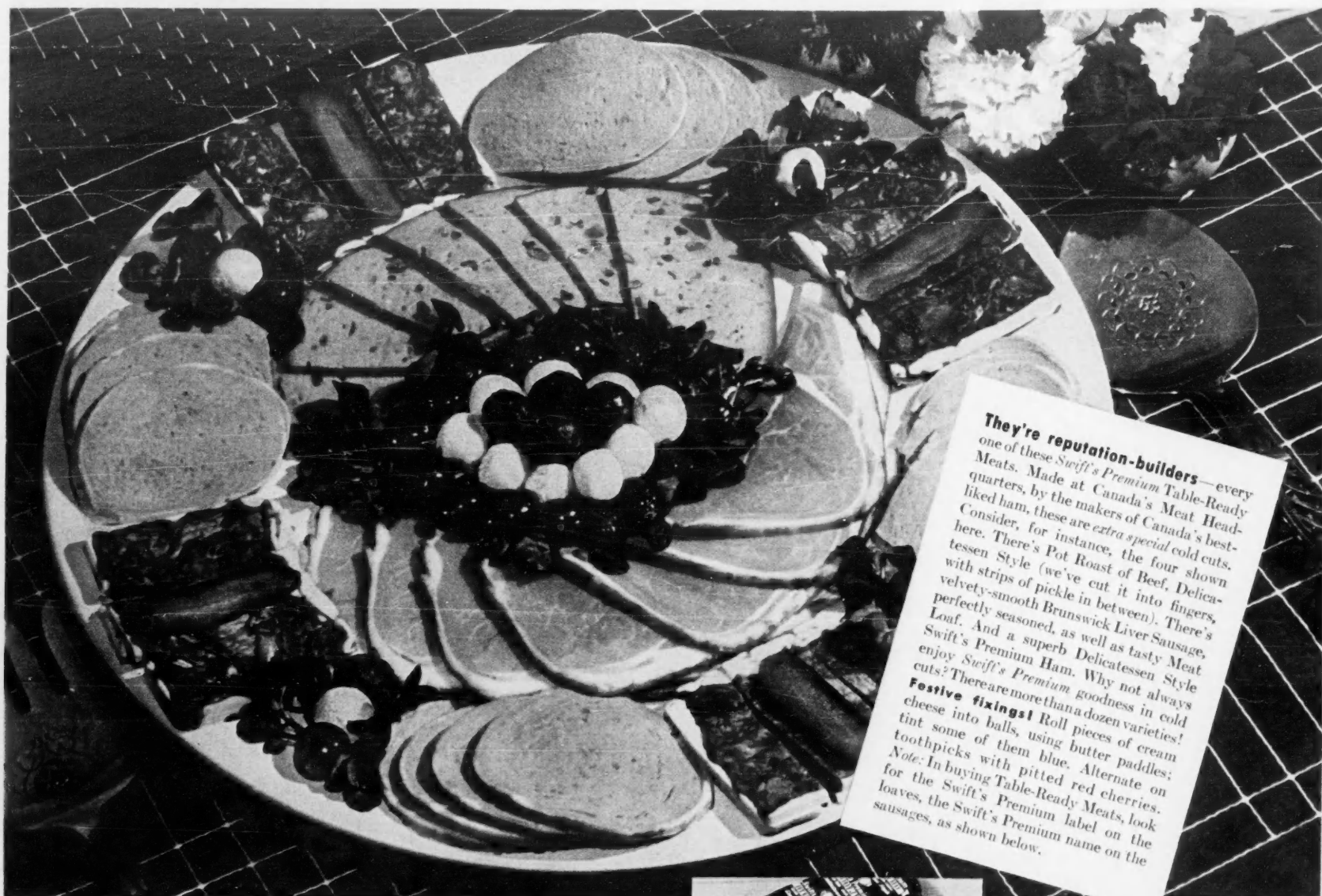


Women Are Thinking

MEANWHILE, up and down Canada, women are discussing the plan for the registration of women with fast-increasing interest—and many many points of view. One of the happiest signs of the time is this awakening of consciousness among women. There's been many a heated argument about it, and I hope, next month, to publish some of the opinions expressed to *Chatelaine*. We plan to keep, as usual, keenly alert to the trends of thought throughout the country, and report them back to you.

Cold cuts can do you proud

IF YOU BUY BY THE NAME "SWIFT'S PREMIUM"!

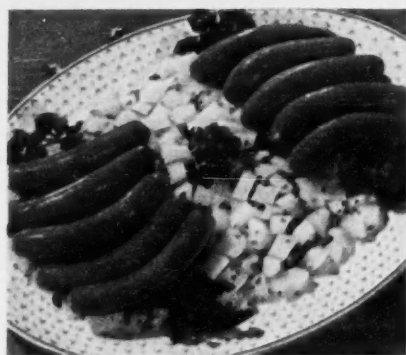


They're reputation-builders—every one of these Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats. Made at Canada's Meat Headquarters, by the makers of Canada's best-liked ham, these are *extra special* cold cuts. Consider, for instance, the four shown here. There's Pot Roast of Beef, Delicatessen Style (we've cut it into fingers, with strips of pickle in between). There's velvety-smooth Brunswick Liver Sausage, perfectly seasoned, as well as tasty Meat Loaf. And a superb Delicatessen Style Swift's Premium Ham. Why not always enjoy Swift's Premium goodness in cold cuts? There are more than a dozen varieties!

Festive fixings! Roll pieces of cream cheese into balls, using butter paddles; tint some of them blue. Alternate on toothpicks with pitted red cherries.

Note: In buying Table-Ready Meats, look for the Swift's Premium label on the loaves, the Swift's Premium name on the sausages, as shown below.

One of the most important foods, from the dietary standpoint, is meat. Protein is essential for normal growth and the maintenance of bodily tissues, and one of the chief sources is meat. Then, too, meat makes other valuable contributions. It is rich in iron, phosphorus, and Vitamin G.—Statement authorized by the Councils on Foods of the American Medical Association



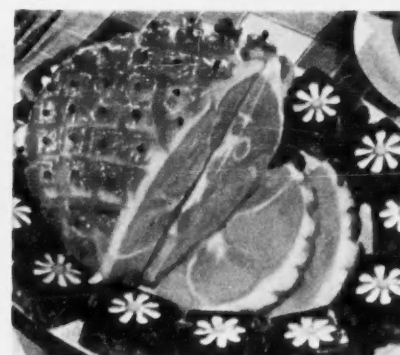
A sure-fire combination! Swift's Premium Frankfurts and potato salad—there's a combination that always goes over big. But do be sure the frankfurts are *Swift's Premium*, for there's a world of difference between them and ordinary kinds. Swift's Premium Frankfurts are *really tender*. And—made from choice meat, expertly seasoned—they taste just grand. Try this tempting summer supper very soon.

Visit the Swift Building at the New York World's Fair. Watch the smoking and packing of Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon. • See the care used in making Swift's Premium Frankfurts, the official World's Fair frankfurt.

REMEMBER, THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL



Ask your dealer about
"SWIFT'S SUMMER SUPPERS"



"The best ham I ever tasted!" That's what women everywhere are saying about famous Swift's Premium Ham, now tender as spring chicken. Try it! Compare it! See if you don't agree that its combination of flavour and tenderness is absolutely without an equal. This newly tender ham cooks faster, too. Hot weather accompaniment for cold Swift's Premium Ham: lime gelatin topped with white turnip daisies.

Say **SWIFT'S PREMIUM**...for the finest meats!